



No. 71

Featuring the **BOY COMMANDOS**



The **BATMAN**

Detective

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COMICS

JAN.
10¢

**BATMAN
and
ROBIN
versus
JOKER**

in
**"A CRIME
A DAY!"**



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GOVERNMENT HUNTER

By M. M. Atwater



This is a story about the forest service. Doug Mulholland, vacationing out west on a dude ranch, walks to the corral to get a horse. He is about to jump over the fence when a cowboy stops him. The cowboy tells him it is too dangerous and gets a horse for him. The cowboy tells Doug his name is Slim Cavanaugh.

While riding past the mess hall, Doug hears the cowboys call Slim a Government Hunter. Doug is puzzled. Later, on a camping expedition with Slim, he finds out that a Government Hunter is a person who protects cattle from hostile animals. Doug becomes Slim's assistant. They have many exciting experiences.

While camping, Doug tells Slim the real reason why he is out west. His family is being threatened by gangsters and many accidents occur. At the end the gangsters try to capture Doug but are outwitted.

This review of *Government Hunter* was written by Marvin Goldstein, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and was selected as the winner of the \$5.00 award. A check has been sent to Marvin. Other fine reviews were written by:

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SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

WXF RB CQN CRVN OXA NENAH KXH CX LXVN CX
CQN JRM XO QRB LXDWCAH KH KDHRWP BCJVB
JWM KXWMB!

DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 71, January, 1943, published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Editorial offices, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Entire contents copyrighted 1942 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER

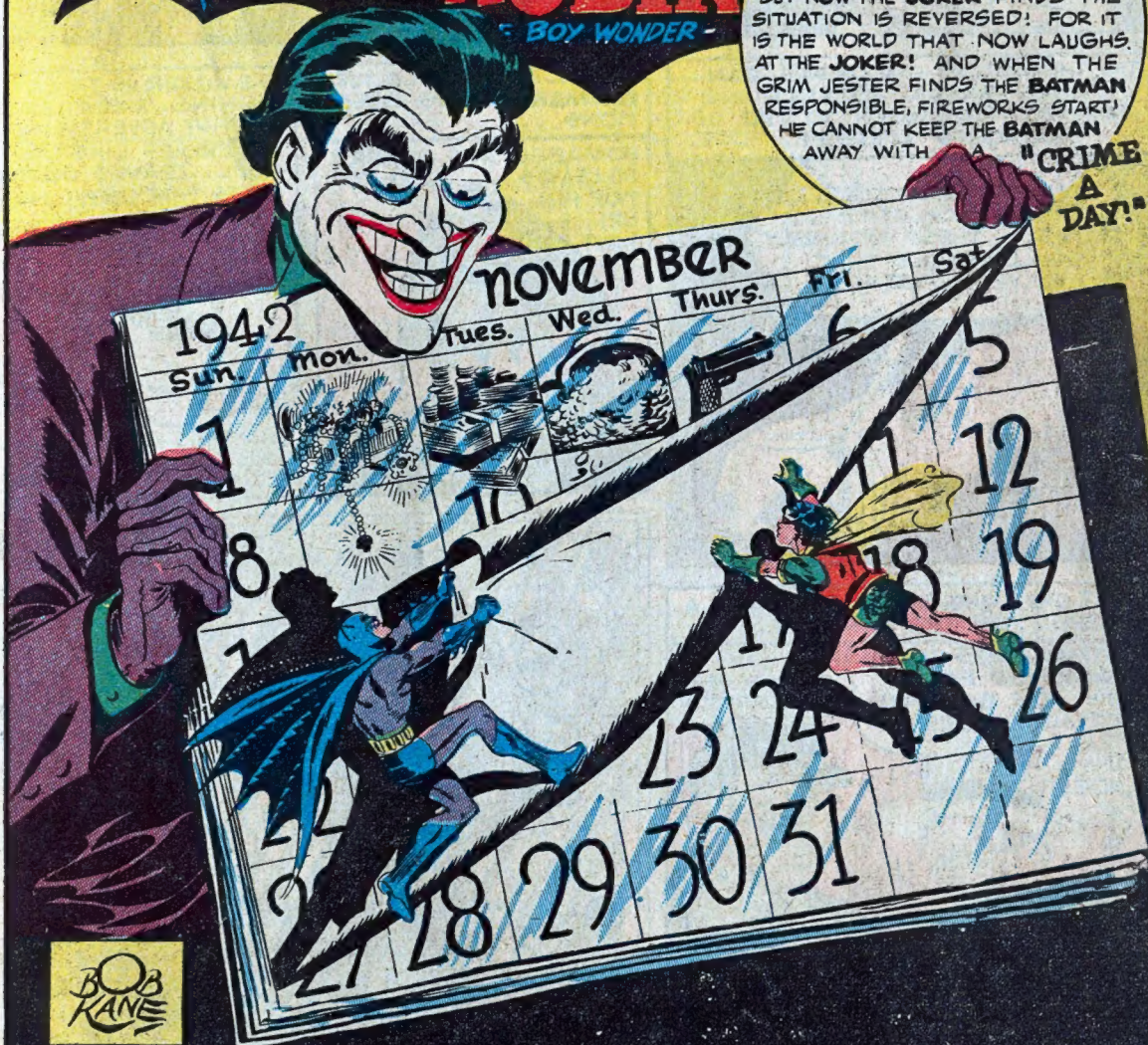
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WHOSE
SCARLET LIPS GRIN
ETERNALLY IN A FACE AS
WHITE AS DEATH? ONLY
ONE MAN... THAT CRIME CLOWN.

The JOKER!

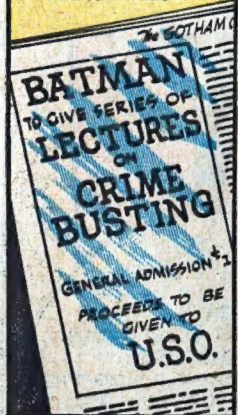
BUT NOW THE JOKER FINDS THE
SITUATION IS REVERSED! FOR IT
IS THE WORLD THAT NOW LAUGHS
AT THE JOKER! AND WHEN THE
GRIM JESTER FINDS THE BATMAN
RESPONSIBLE, FIREWORKS START!
HE CANNOT KEEP THE BATMAN
AWAY WITH A

**"CRIME
A DAY!"**



BOB
KANE

PROUDLY, IN LARGE TYPE, THE SUNDAY GOTHAM GAZETTE ANNOUNCES...



BILLBOARD POSTERS BLAZON THE SENSATIONAL NEWS...



MONDAY NIGHT! A GREAT CROWD GATHERS AND GOES WILD AS THE BATMOBILE DISCHARGES BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!



THE THUNDEROUS OVATION DIES DOWN AS THE THRILLED AUDIENCE PREPARES TO LISTEN TO THE BATMAN'S ADDRESS!



LATER.. AFTER HIS LECTURE, BATMAN INVITES QUESTIONS...

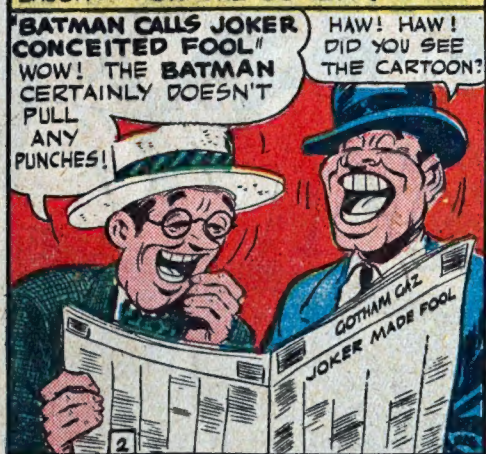
HOW ABOUT THE JOKER? HE LEAVES CLUES TO TRIP HIM UP! WHY?



THE JOKER IS TRICKY, CUNNING..A SUPREME EGOTIST ADVERTISING HIS CRIMES LIKE A FOOL...LEAVES CLUES. CLUES THAT DEFEAT HIM!



NEXT DAY..THE WHOLE TOWN HAS A LAUGH...ON THE JOKER!



ONE MAN DOES NOT SHARE IN THE FUN!...THAT...
MASTER OF VILLAINY, **THE JOKER**!

ME, THE **JOKER**, THE MOST DANGEROUS
CRIMINAL IN THE COUNTRY... AND
I'M MADE A LAUGHING
STOCK! BAH!

I KNOW
A WAY
TO SHUT
THE
BATMAN'S
MOUTH
FOR GOOD!

NO!... SHOOTING
HIM WOULD
ONLY MAKE HIM
MORE OF A
HERO, A MARTYR!
NO, I MUST BEAT
THE **BATMAN** AT
HIS OWN GAME!

I'M GOING TO MAKE
BATMAN THE FOOL...
I'M GOING TO SHAME
HIM... SHAME HIM
INTO **QUITTING**! HA!
HA! HA!

HUH?

THAT NIGHT...TUESDAY...AS **BATMAN** BEGINS
ANOTHER LECTURE...

FELLOW
CITIZENS!
AGAIN I COME
BEFORE YOU
TO.....

GOLLY, I WISH I
HAD THE **BATMAN'S**
GIFT OF GAB!
SAY...WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

THE SWISHING
NOISE IS A
BACKDROP LOW-
ERED TO REVEAL
A WHITE CANVAS
ON WHICH
MOCKING
LETTERS
PROCLAIM..

JOKER'S DAILY CRIME
WEDNESDAY
CLUES

1. TAKE A BOW
2. SOW THE SEEDS
3. SHED A TEAR
4. REAP THE HARVEST

STUNNED, INCREDULOUS
SILENCE! SOMEWHERE,
MAD LAUGHTER LIFTS
TO A MACABRE CRESC-
ENDO! THEN, FROM
A CUBICLE, A SPOT-
LIGHT STABS.....

YES, HERE TO
CHALLENGE THE
BATMAN! SO I'M
A FOOL, EH... AND
I ALWAYS LOSE
BECAUSE I LEAVE
CLUES, EH?

THE
JOKER
!

VERY WELL!
HERE ARE CLUES..
CLUES ENOUGH
FOR ANY **BRIGHT**
MAN TO FIGURE OUT! GET
TO BAT, **BATMAN**...AND
YOU'LL BE BATTY BEFORE
I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! HA!

THE PARALYSIS OF SURPRISE LEAVES THE BATMAN! HIS LITHE BODY LAUNCHES INTO ACTION...



LET'S GET THAT LAUGHING HYENA, ROBIN!

I HEAR YOU TALKIN'!

REMEMBER, BATMAN... A CRIME A DAY TO COMPETE WITH YOUR LECTURE A DAY... AND YOU WON'T STOP ME!

BUT AN EMPTY CORRIDOR MOCKS THE DUO!

GONE! THAT WILY FOX MUST HAVE DARTED INTO ONE OF THOSE ROOMS!

FOX? DON'T YOU MEAN THE ANIMAL WITH A WHITE STRIPE AND A DISTASTEFUL AROMA?



THEN... A SPINE-CHILLING SHRIEK!

THAT'S WHERE HE IS! C'MON, ROBIN!

HELP! THE JOKER IS KILLING ME! HELP! HELP!



A LOCKED DOOR DEFILES THE BATMAN'S RATTLING OF THE KNOB!

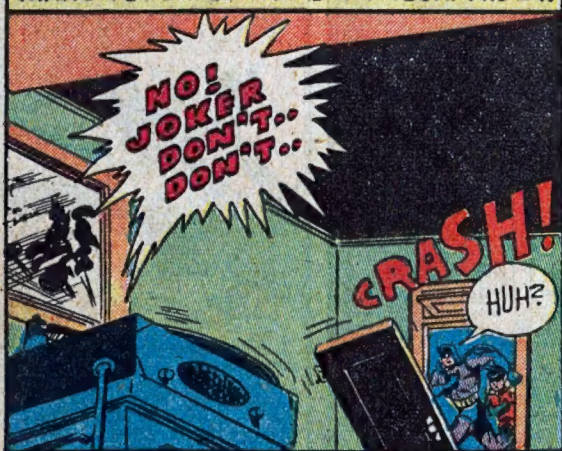
BATMAN, THE HUMAN TANK! CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE INFANTRY!



STAND BACK, ROBIN! I'M GOING TO BATTER IT DOWN!

DON'T... DON'T KILL ME! JOKER! DON'T...

A DOOR-CRASHING LUNGE OF THE BATMAN'S POWERFUL FRAME AND... SURPRISE!!



NO! JOKER DON'T.. DON'T..

CRASH! HUH?

WHY IT'S A RECORD! AND A RECORD FOR A SMART MOVE! THE JOKER HAD A CHANCE TO ESCAPE WHILE OUR ATTENTION WAS DIVERTED HERE!



DON'T, JOKER! NOT THAT!

AND AS IF IN MOCKING REPLY...

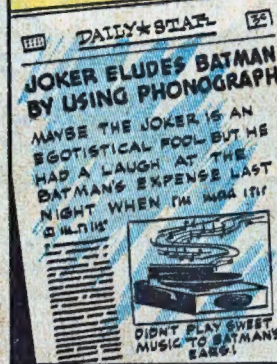
HELLO, BATMAN! YOU MUST HAVE BROKEN THE DOOR BY NOW SO LISTEN TO: MORROW I WILL COMMIT THE FIRST OF MY CRIMES! A CLUE AND A CHALLENGE!





BATMAN EXPLAINS TO POLICE... AND POLICE UNWITTINGLY TO REPORTERS... AND NEXT DAY, WEDNESDAY...

MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN IS STILL FRANTICALLY JUGGLING THE JOKER'S CRYPTIC CLUES!....



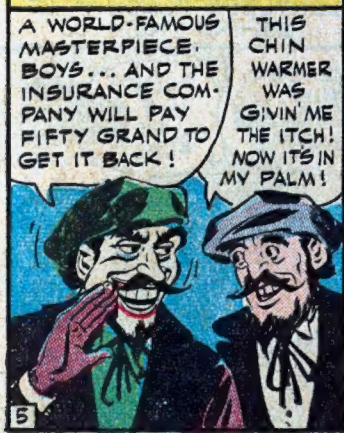
TAKE A BOW. SEW THE SEEDS. SHED A TEAR - REAP THE HARVEST... WAIT.. THAT STRIKES A CHORD IN MY MEMORY!



MEANTIME.. SINISTER PLANS UNFOLD ELSEWHERE! AT THE SWANK RAPPEL ART GALLERIES.....



YES, BUDDY... ARTISTS... IN CRIME... AND NOT SO HARMLESS!

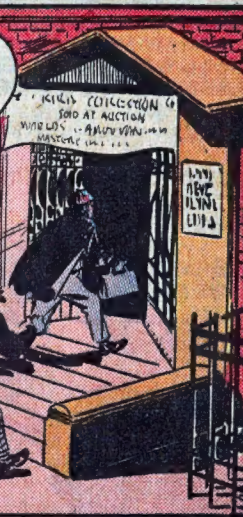


LIKE A FOR-AGING SHARK, A SLINKY BLACK SEDAN GLIDES UP TO THE CURB AND DISGORGES FOUR MEN...

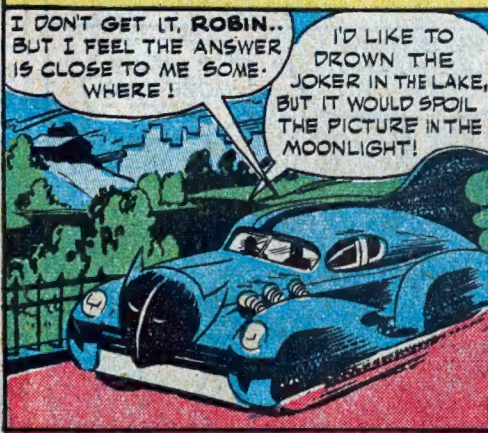


HEAVENS! THEY'D GIVE MY FATHER NIGHTMARES! HE'S A BARBER!

THEY'RE JUST ARTISTS! HARMLESS SAPS!



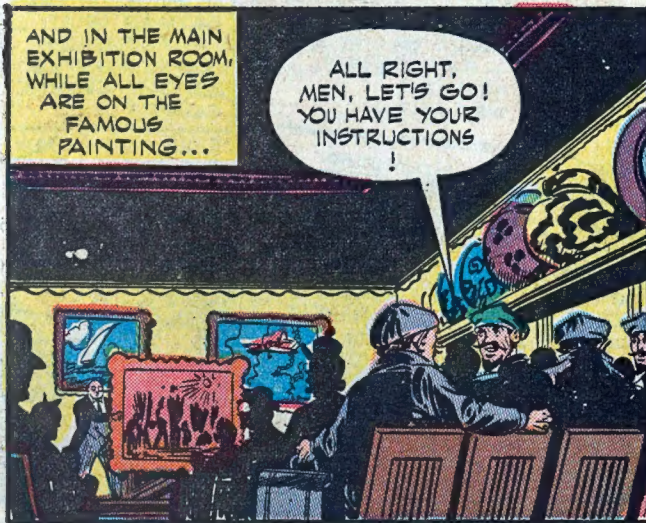
AND ALL THIS TIME, THE BATMAN IS STILL NO CLOSER TO THE SOLUTION OF THOSE CRYPTIC CLUES!



WITH THE EXPLOSIVE WHITE GLARE OF A STAR-SHELL IN THE DARK, BATMAN SUDDENLY REALIZES WHAT HAS BEEN ELUDING HIM..

THAT'S IT!.. PICTURE.. BY VAN MELLETT... "THE HARVEST"!





AND IN THE MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM, WHILE ALL EYES ARE ON THE FAMOUS PAINTING...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S GO! YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!



THE JOKER!

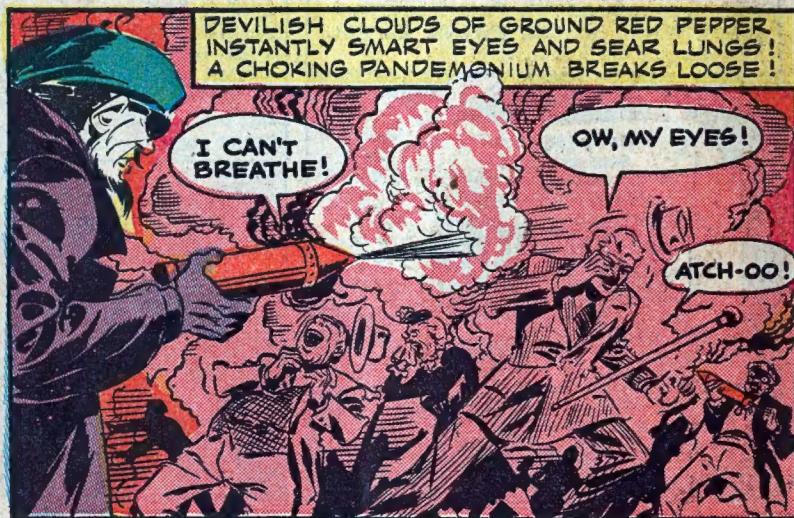
PLEASE INFORM THE BATMAN THAT THE JOKER FIRST TOOK A BOW-SO!

RELAX, FOLKS. WE'RE JUST THE EXTERMINATORS HAW!



NOW MY MEN WILL SOW THE SEEDS! TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T THE GOGGLES AND CHEMICALLY TREATED BEARDS WE WEAR! SOW THE SEEDS, BOYS!

GROUND SEEDS OF RED PEPPER! IT OUGHT TO SPICE UP THE PARTY!



DEVILISH CLOUDS OF GROUND RED PEPPER INSTANTLY SMART EYES AND SEAR LUNGS! A CHOKING PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!

I CAN'T BREATHE!

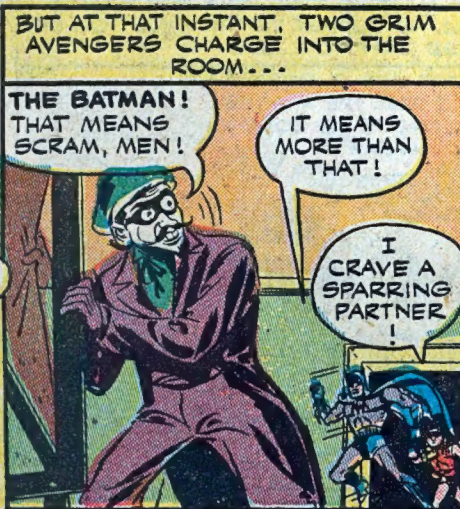
OW, MY EYES!

ATCH-OO!



AND AS THE JOKER'S VOICE SHRILLY LIFTS ITSELF ABOVE THE CRIES AND SCREAMS!

SHED A TEAR, FOLKS... WHILE I REAP THE HARVEST! WON'T THIS BE A LAUGH ON BATMAN!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT, TWO GRIM AVENGERS CHARGE INTO THE ROOM...

THE BATMAN! THAT MEANS SCRAM, MEN!

IT MEANS MORE THAN THAT!

I CRAVE A SPARRING PARTNER!

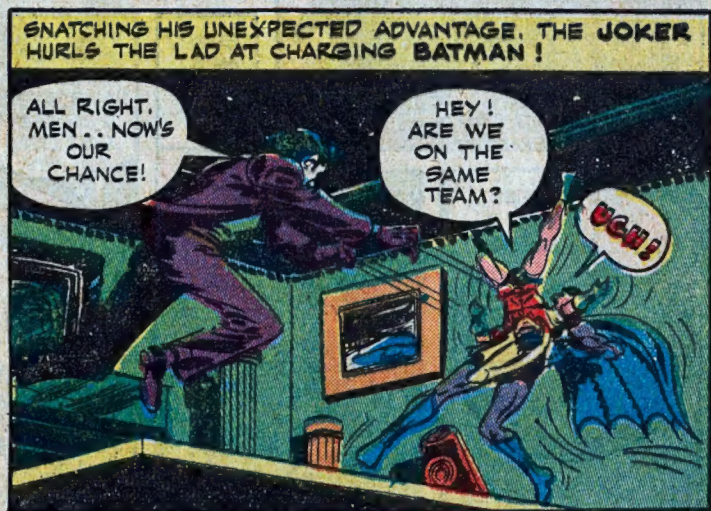


LIKE SCURRYING RATS, THE QUARTET FLEES... BUT RELENTLESS PURSUIT IS BEHIND THEM...

REMEMBER, ROBIN... THE JOKER'S MY MEAT!

AW! YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN!

THREE TIGERISH LEAPS... AND THE BATMAN CATCHES HIS QUARRY!



REGAINING THEIR FEET. THE DUO PURSUES THE JOKER AND HIS CRONIES WHO HAVE NOW DISCARDED THEIR "ARTIST DISGUISE".

THERE THEY GO.. IN THAT OIL TANK TRUCK !

THEY WON'T GET FAR! QUICK! THE BATMOBILE !

HA! HA! HA!

AS THE BATMOBILE ROARS FORWARD..

GOOD! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US AS WE FIGURED! NOW OPEN UP THE ESCAPE VALVES!

OIL FLOWS..AND IN THE WAKE OF THE TRUCK, THE SPEEDING BATMOBILE SKIDS AND SLIDES CRAZILY!

WOW! THIS IS LIKE RIDING ON GLASS! HOLD ONTO YOUR HAT, KID !

LOOK OUT !

THE RELENTLESS BATMOBILE CLOSES UP THE GAP...AND IS HOSED WITH A TORRENT OF BLACK OIL !

TAKE IT, CHUMP !

TRAPPED IN A FLAMING COFFIN !

THIS THING'S AN OVEN! WE'LL BE HAMBURGERS IF WE DON'T GET OUT!

LIKE A FIERY METEOR, THE BLAZING BATMOBILE FLASHES.. TOWARD WHAT ??

GET SET, ROBIN! HERE WE GO!

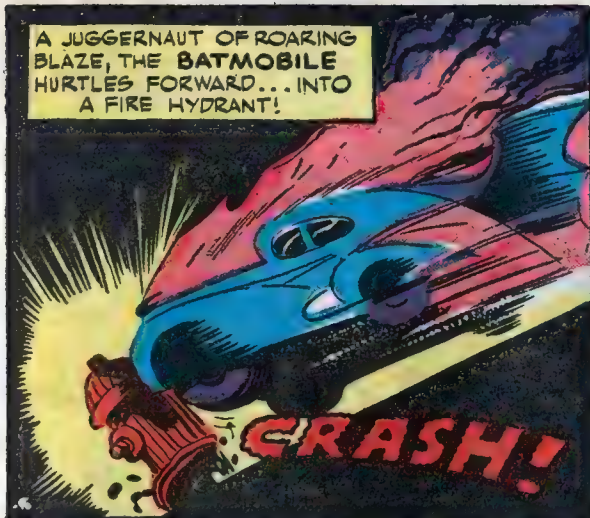
HERE.. HAVE A LIGHT !

WHOOSH!

WE DAREN'T OPEN UP THE DOORS AND RUN FOR IT! WE'RE TRAPPED!...WE'VE GOT A CHANCE...A LONG CHANCE!

WHAT IS THE BAT-MAN'S PLAN? CAN YOU GUESS ??

A JUGGERNAUT OF ROARING BLAZE, THE BATMOBILE HURTTLES FORWARD... INTO A FIRE HYDRANT!



A NIAGARA OF WATER BURSTS FROM THE BROKEN HYDRANT... TO SPILL OVER THE FLAMING BATMOBILE!



LONG MINUTES LATER... THE WATER TAKES EFFECT AND SOON ONLY CHARRED, HISSING WRECKAGE IS LEFT OF THE ONCE IMPREGNABLE BATMOBILE!



YOUR STUNT CERTAINLY WORKED, BATMAN! I... OW!

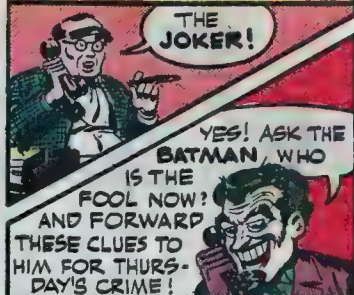
WATCH OUT! THE METAL'S STILL HOT! C'MON, KID, LET'S GO HOME!

AND AS THE DISAPPOINTED DUO PLOD HOMEWARD, A NEWSPAPER REPORTER NOTES...

HMM! GUESS THE PUBLIC WILL HAVE TO HEAR HOW THE JOKER PUT ONE OVER ON THE BATMAN! TOO BAD!



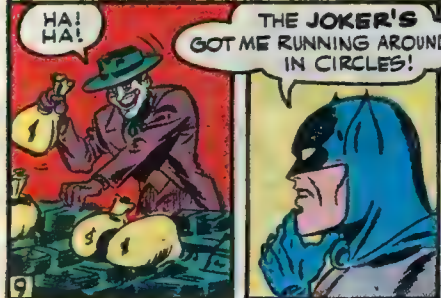
LATER THAT NIGHT, THE EDITOR OF THE GOTHAM GAZETTE GETS A CALL.



THE JOKER!

YES! ASK THE BATMAN, WHO IS THE FOOL NOW? AND FORWARD THESE CLUES TO HIM FOR THURSDAY'S CRIME!

THURSDAY... AND WHILE THE BATMAN PUZZLES VAINLY OVER CRYPTIC CLUES, THE JOKER AGAIN PULLS A SUCCESSFUL CRIME COUP!

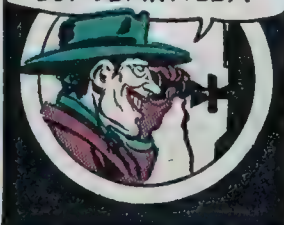


HA! HA!

THE JOKER'S GOT ME RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES!

AND AGAIN THE EDITOR HEARS THAT MOCKING, JEERING VOICE...

...AND YOU MAY QUOTE ME AS SAYING THE BATMAN IS SLIPPING - BUT DEFINITELY!



THERE! I GUESS I'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE NOW! CALL ME A FOOL, WILL HE? HAH!

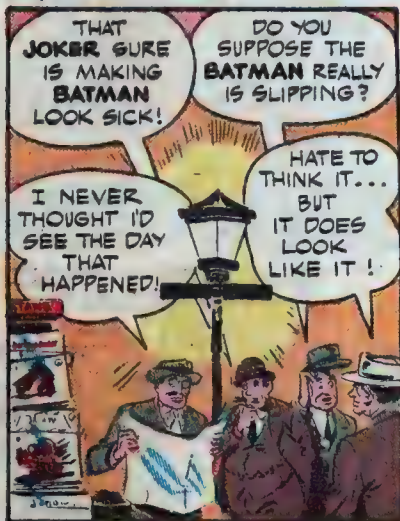
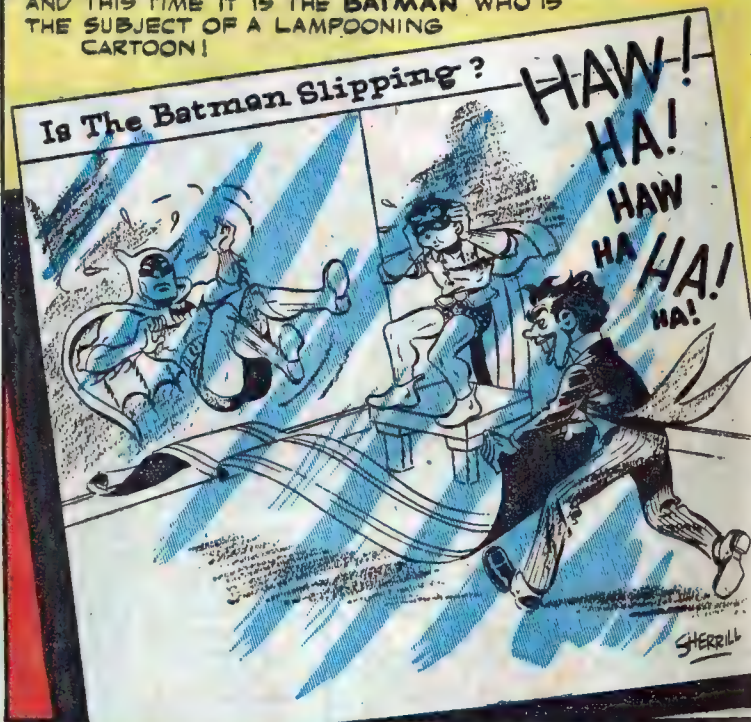


I WOULDN'T WANT TO CROSS YOU, JOKER!

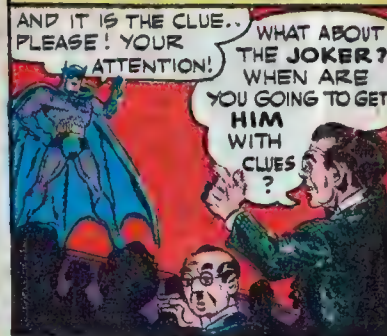
FRIDAY MORNING, GOTHAM CITY IS ROCKED BY NEW HEADLINES...



AND THIS TIME IT IS THE BATMAN WHO IS THE SUBJECT OF A LAMPOONING CARTOON!

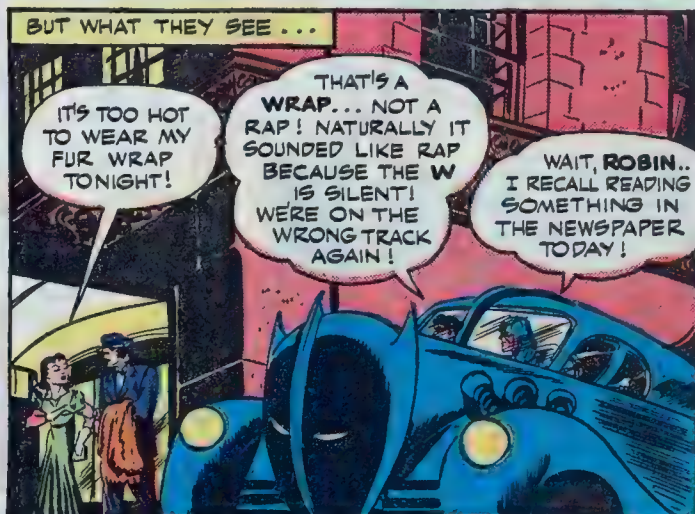
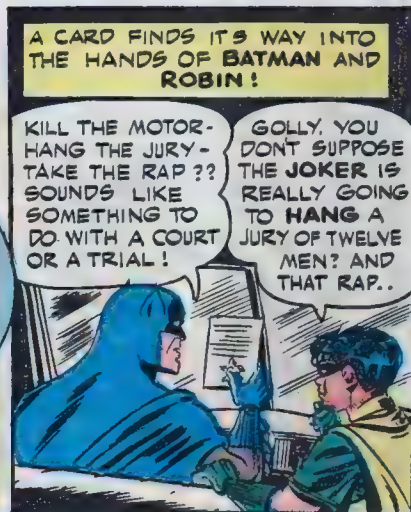
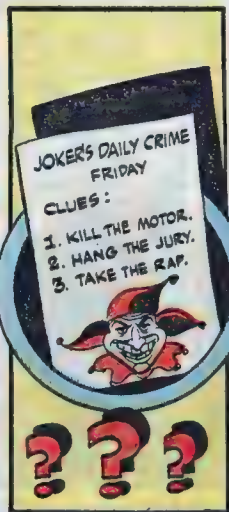


AND THAT EVENING, AS THE BATMAN DELIVERS HIS DAILY LECTURE, THE POISON OF DOUBT BEGINS TO EAT AT THE THOUGHTS OF THE AUDIENCE!



THE DOUBT SPREADS LIKE A MALIGNANT GROWTH... AND EVEN PLANT ROOTS IN THE HEART OF THE BATMAN!





AT THAT MOMENT... DOWN BELOW
IN THE BUILDING BASEMENT...

JUST LIKE THE JOKER
PLANNED! FIRST WE
KILL THE MOTOR BY
SHORT CIRCUITING
IT!

AND IN A HIDDEN
CORNER, UPSTAIRS,
THE JOKER
LAUGHS...

HA! HA! BY NOW
THE JURY OF THE
CONTEST SHOULD
BE HANGING!
HA! HA!

IN TRUTH, THE JURY DOES HANG...
BETWEEN FLOORS! AND IN THE
CAR AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION
TAKES PLACE!

OKAY, ROBIN... PEEL
OFF THAT ELEVATOR
BOY DISGUISE! THE
CAR STOPPED AS EXPECTED!

GOOD THING
WE ARRANGED
ALL THIS
BEFORE
HAND! NOW
FOR THE JOKER!

THE ELEVATOR TOP
SLIDES BACK... AND
LIKE TWO MONKEYS
ON A STRING, THE
CRIME-CRACKERS
CLAMBER UP THE
CABLE!

EASY,
ROBIN...
AND NO
SLIPS!

ARE
YOU
KIDDIN'?

AND AT THAT MOMENT THE JOKER'S
CRIME PARADE MARCHES ON!

EEEEEE!
THE
JOKER!

IN PERSON, MADAME...
AND SINCE I REMOVE
MY HAT... SURELY YOU
CAN REMOVE YOUR
WRAP!

HAW! HAW!
AIN'T THE
JOKER
A
CARD?

YEAH...
HE'S THE WHOLE
MARKED DECK!

YOU!

YOU'RE TAKING THE RAP
ALL RIGHT, JOKER...

BUT THE WAY YOU
SPELLED IT THE
FIRST TIME WITH-
OUT THE W!

FISTS LIKE TRIP HAMMERS POUND
AT THE JOKER'S UNDERLINGS !

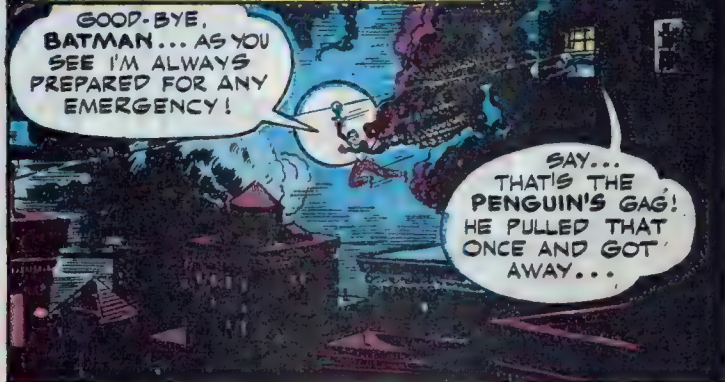


HOW DO YOU
FEEL NOW,
BATMAN ?

SWELL...
CONFIDENTIALLY,
I DON'T THINK
I'LL EVER
QUIT THIS
GAME !

THEN, AS THE BATMAN REACHES FOR
THE JOKER... AN ATTACHED PULLEY
CARRIES THE LAUGHING CLOWN OUT
OF REACH !

GOOD-BYE,
BATMAN... AS YOU
SEE I'M ALWAYS
PREPARED FOR ANY
EMERGENCY !



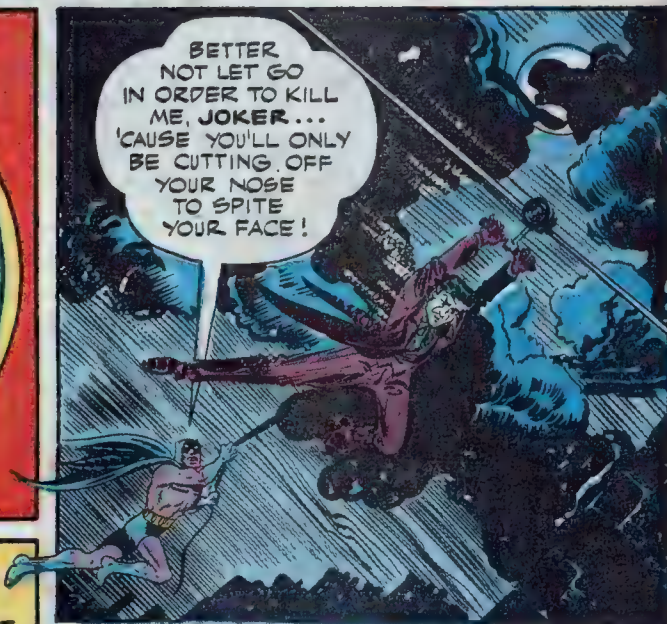
SAY...
THAT'S THE
PENGUIN'S GAG!
HE PULLED THAT
ONCE AND GOT
AWAY...

A HISSING SOUND...
AND A LASSO WHIPS UP
ABOUT THE JOKER'S
MIDDLE !



...BUT
YOU WON'T
!

BETTER
NOT LET GO
IN ORDER TO KILL
ME, JOKER...
'CAUSE YOU'LL ONLY
BE CUTTING OFF
YOUR NOSE
TO SPITE
YOUR FACE !



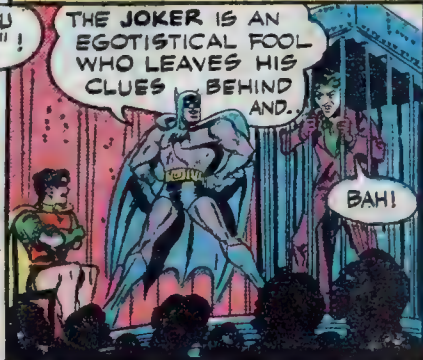
AND AS THEY REACH
THE OTHER ROOF;
A JAW-CRACKING
SMASH WRITES
"FINIS" TO THE
JOKER'S ESCAPE !

AND SO, THAT
NIGHT BATMAN
DELIVERS HIS
LECTURE.... BUT
THIS TIME WITH
A FLESH AND BLOOD EXHIBIT !



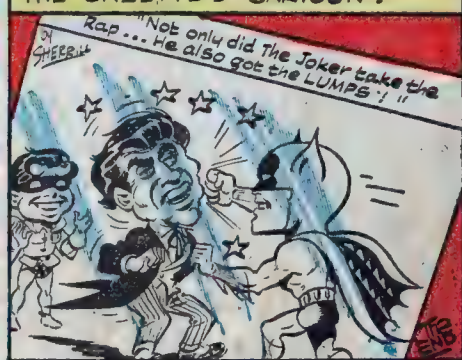
NOW IT'S TIME YOU
HOLLARED "UNCLE" !

THE JOKER IS AN
EGOTISTICAL FOOL
WHO LEAVES HIS
CLUES BEHIND
AND...

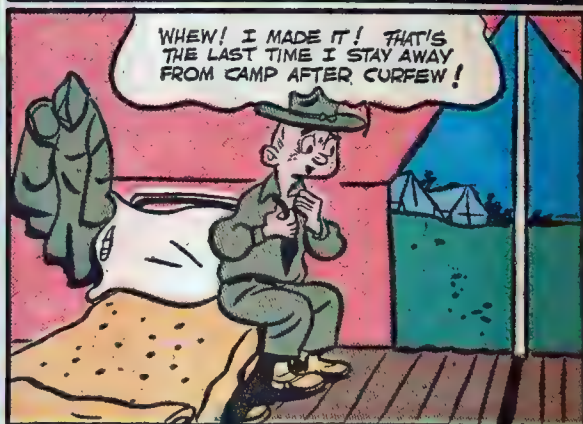
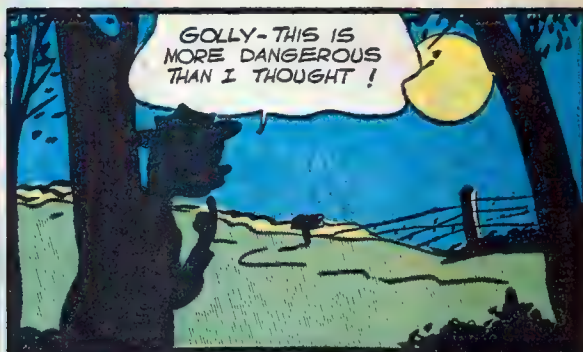
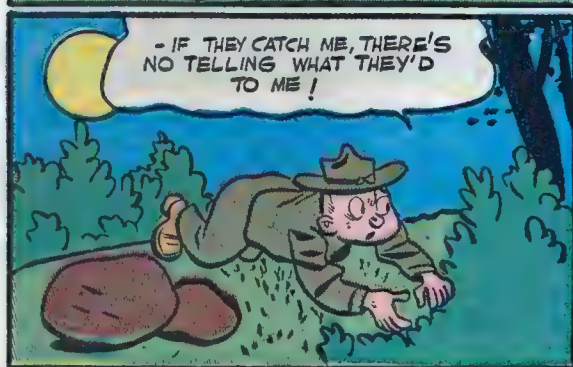


BAH !

AND SO THE CASE ENDED BUT FOR
THE GAZETTE'S CARTOON !



Sheerap "Not only did The Joker take the
Rap... He also got the LUMPS !"



BATMAN No 15 - ON SALE DEC. 11TH!

...WITH **FOUR** TYPICAL **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ADVENTURES FOR **YOUR** ENJOYMENT!

1. **THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE ROBIN....**

HUMAN INTEREST WITH A REAL PUNCH!

2. **YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE....**

THE RETURN OF THE GLAMOROUS CAT-WOMAN!

3. **THE TWO FUTURES...**

BATMAN AND ROBIN GO INTO DAYS-TO-COME TO ENVISION LIFE UNDER NAZISM.....OR DEMOCRACY!

4. **THE LONELIEST MEN IN THE WORLD...**

A CHRISTMAS STORY THAT HAS EVERYTHING!



DON'T MISS IT!

The **BOY COMMANDOS**

IN

A BREAK FOR SANTA

ORDER OF THE DAY

WE WILL DELIVER A
CHRISTMAS GIFT WHICH
WILL HAVE TO BE STOLEN
FROM A NAZI
CONCENTRATION CAMP...
A LITTLE BOY'S LIFE
DEPENDS ON IT....

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

by
**JOE
SIMON
and JACK
KIRBY**

IN A WORLD CLOUDED BY THE DARKNESS OF THE MADMEN WHO WORSHIP THE SWORD OVER THE GOOD BOOK, THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS OBSCURED BY THE TRAGEDY OF DEATH AND CONQUEST...YET CHRISTMAS... AND ALL IT STANDS FOR IN LOVE, HUMILITY AND ABIDING FAITH STILL FINDS EXPRESSION IN THE DEEDS OF MEN OF VALOR! THIS EPIC OF CHRISTMAS AND DARING TELLS HOW THE **BOY COMMANDOS** AND THEIR GALLANT LEADER, **CAPTAIN RIP CARTER**, SMASH AT THE NAZI FORCES OF EVIL AND SLAVERY TO BRING BACK HAPPINESS IN PLACE OF TEARS AND DESPAIR!



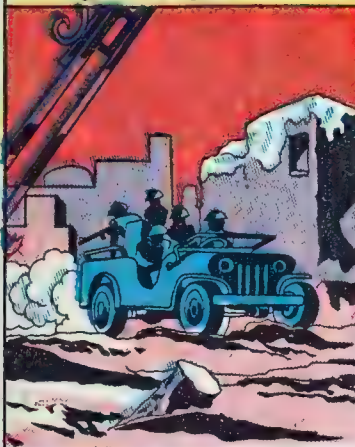
Blackout in Europe!

THE ICY WIND SHIVERS OUT AN EERIE MESSAGE----AS PHANTOM-LIKE FIGURES STEAL STEALTHILY INTO THE NIGHT!

A BLANKET OF SNOW MUFFLES THE TREAD OF MILITARY FEET WHERE THE SHADOWY WARRIORS CONVERGE ON A PRE-ARRANGED RENDEZVOUS...

SWIFTLY AND EXPERTLY THEY CLAMBER INTO THAT MONSTER OF "BLITZKRIEG" WARFARE...
THE ARMORED CAR!

NIMBLE HANDS CONCEAL THE VICIOUS SNOOTS OF THE GUNS...

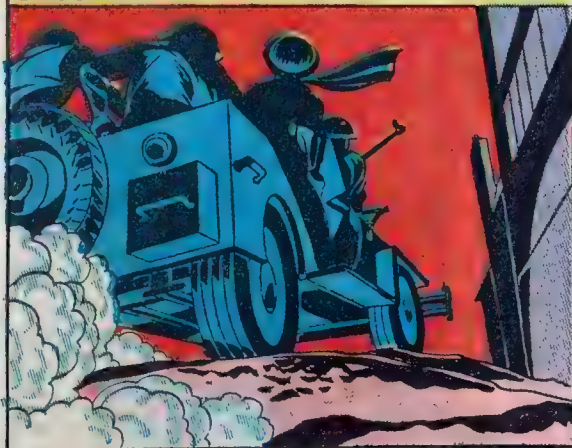


A WHISPERED COMMAND IS DROWNED OUT BY THE HOWL OF THE WIND...

LOAD EVERYTHING AND ASSUME YOUR STATIONS!



SILENTLY AS A GHOST SHIP, THE IRON JUGGERNAUT ROLLS INTO THE SHADOWS...



...AND HEADS DIRECTLY FOR THE HEART OF THE CITY!

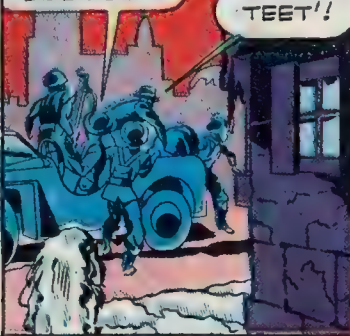


REMEMBER...WE'VE STAKED A LOT ON THIS...EVERYTHING MUST GO OFF TO THE SPLIT SECOND!

BOY! WILL THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN WE DROP DIS LOAD ON 'EM!



BROOKLYN AND I WILL TAKE THE FRONT ENTRANCE... ANDRE AND JAN TAKE THE REAR... AND YOU, ALFY, HOP IN THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR!



IT'LL BE TOUGH DE WAY WE'RE ALL LOADED TO DA FEET!

PUT ON YER DISGUISES! IF THEY RECOGNIZE US...IT'S COITINS!!



AND THE BOY COMMANDOS
SUCCESSFULLY CARRY THROUGH
THEIR SURPRISE "BLITZ"!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
KIDS!

ALLRIGHT,
KIDDIES...
GATHER
'ROUND OL'
SANTA,
AND ----

HEY, KIDS! YOU
HOID SANTA,
DIN'TCHA? HE'S
GOT TOYS FOR
YA...PRESENTS!!

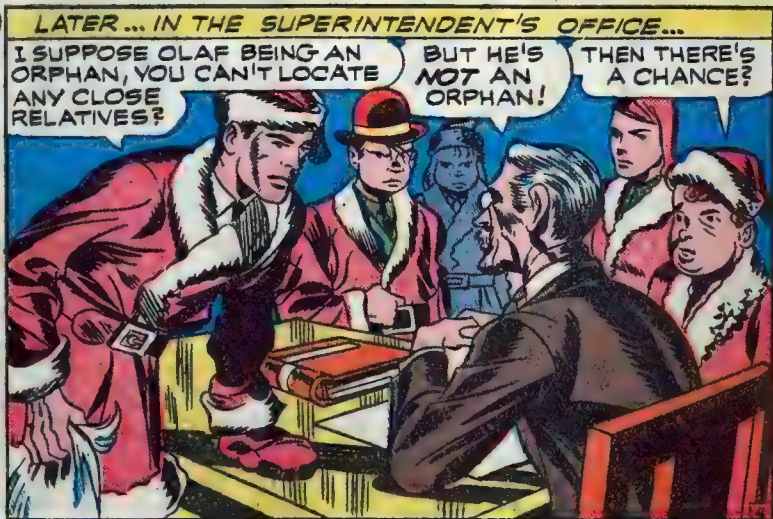
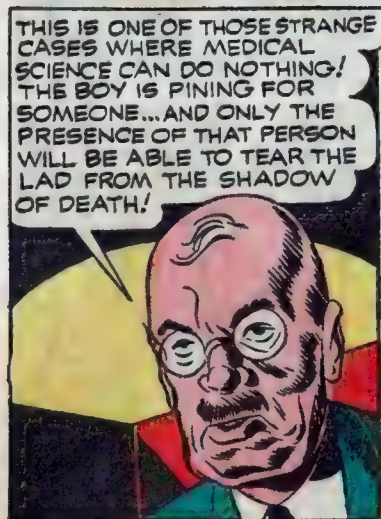
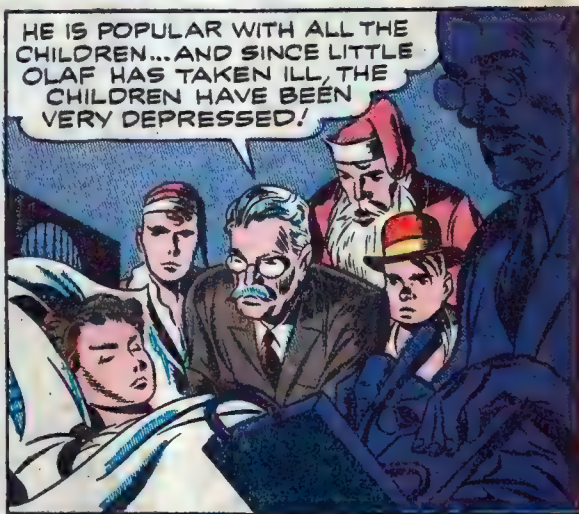
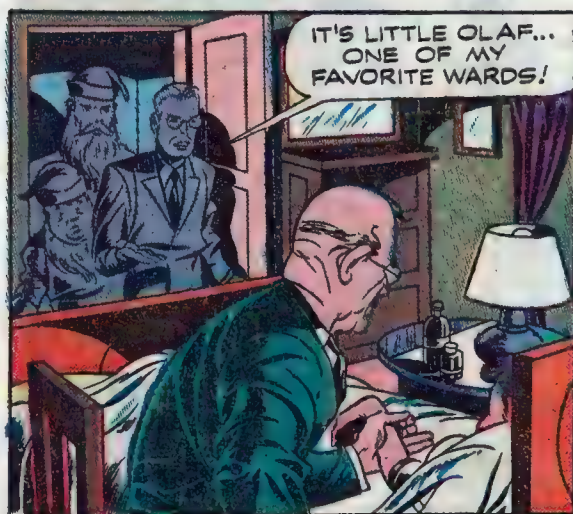
VOT ISS
WRONG?

ITT ISS DER NIGHT
BEFORE GRYSMUS--
YOU SHOULD BE
HAPPY--UND
LAFFING!

H'I SYE, CHILDREN...
CHEER H'UP!
WE AIN'T AS
TERRIBLE LOOKING
AS THAT!

WHAT'S GOIN'
ON? DESE
KID'S AIN'T
RESPONDIN'!

HERE COMES
THE SUPER-
INTENDENT
NOW...WE'LL
FIND OUT
ABOUT
THIS!!



NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD!
HIS FATHER IS IN A NAZI
PRISON CAMP... SUFFERING
DEVIL'S TORMENT! I JUST
RECEIVED THE REPORT FROM
THE INTERNATIONAL RED
CROSS IN GENEVA!



I AM SORRY YOUR KIND
GESTURE WAS NOT FULLY
APPRECIATED... IT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN STAGED UNDER
HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES!



DE NASTIES ARE
RESPONSIBLE
FER DIS!
CHUST VAIT
TILL I GET
MINE HANDS
ON DER
GOOSE-
STEPPERS!



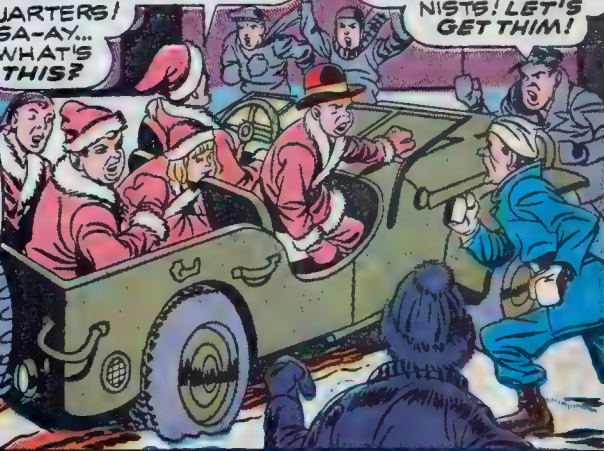
BLIMEY, RIR... YOU'VE
NEVER FAILED US!
THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING
WE CAN DO!

HMM... I
WONDER...

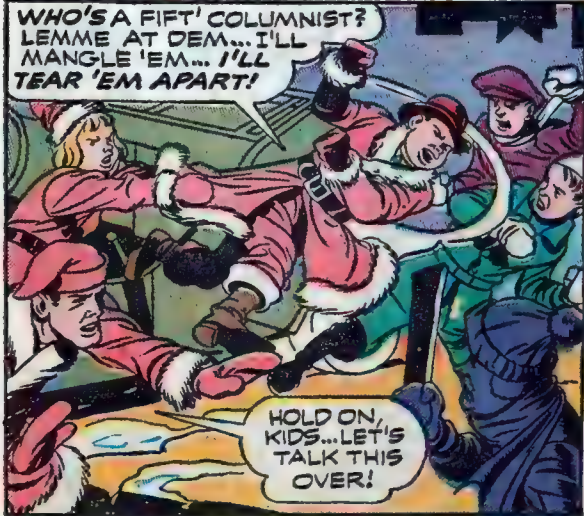


BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING,
WE'D BETTER REPORT TO
QUARTERS!
SA-AY...
WHAT'S
THIS?

THERE THEY H'ARE!
THE FIFTH COLUM-
NISTS! LET'S
GET THEM!



WHO'S A FIFT' COLUMNIST?
LEMME AT DEM... I'LL
MANGLE 'EM... I'LL
TEAR 'EM APART!

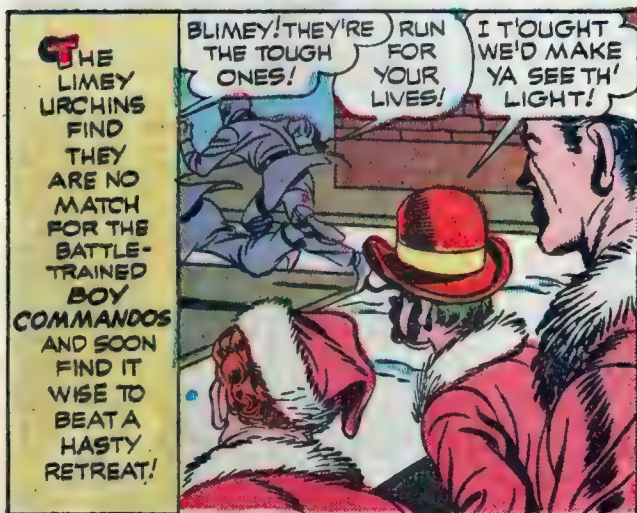


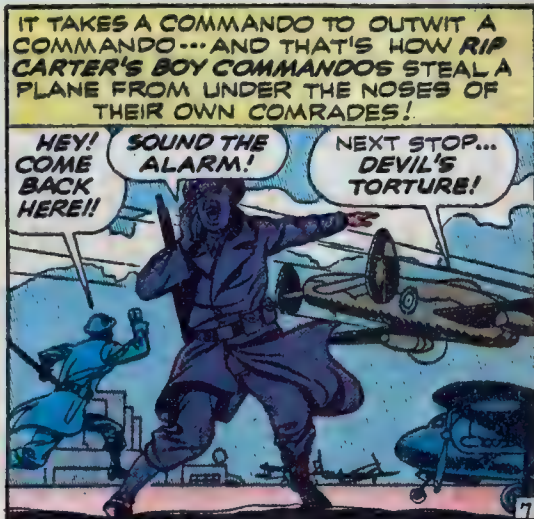
HOLD ON,
KIDS... LET'S
TALK THIS
OVER!

TEAR NOTHIN'...
YE BLINKIN'
TRAITORS!

DAT DOES
IT!! UP AN'
AT 'EM,
GANG!



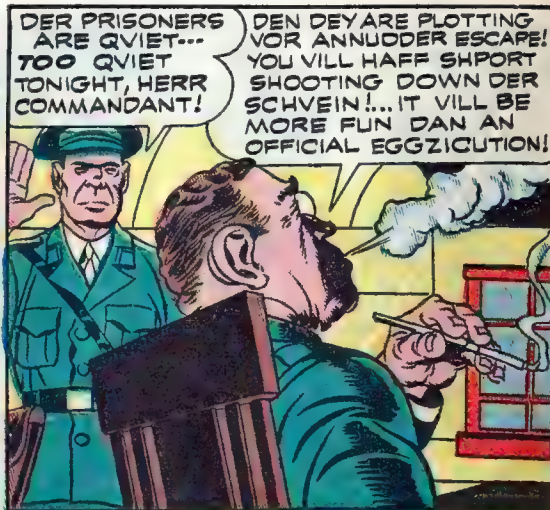




LIKE A DREAD CHAMBER OF HORRORS FROM THE TERRIBLE DAYS OF THE INFAMOUS INQUISITION... **DEVIL'S TORTURE** LIVES UP TO THE FULL IMPACT OF ITS NAME...

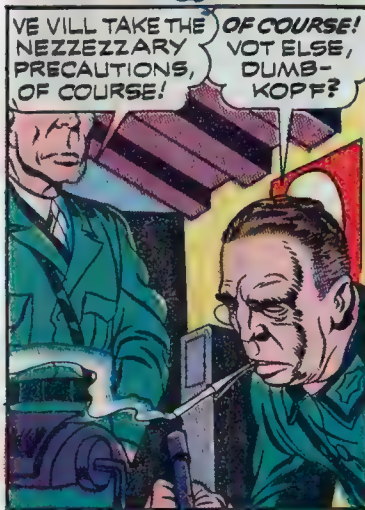
SURROUNDED BY A HIGH ELECTRIFIED FENCE AND BRISTLING WITH MACHINE GUNS, THE PRISON'S ONLY ESCAPE FOR ITS PAIN-WRACKED INMATES IS...

Death!



DER PRISONERS ARE QUIET... TOO QUIET TONIGHT, HERR COMMANDANT!

DEN DEYARE PLOTTING VOR ANNUODER ESCAPE! YOU VILL HAFF SHPORT SHOOTING DOWN DER SCHVEIN!... IT VILL BE MORE FUN DAN AN OFFICIAL EGGZICUTION!



VE VILL TAKE THE NEZZEZARY PRECAUTIONS, OF COURSE!

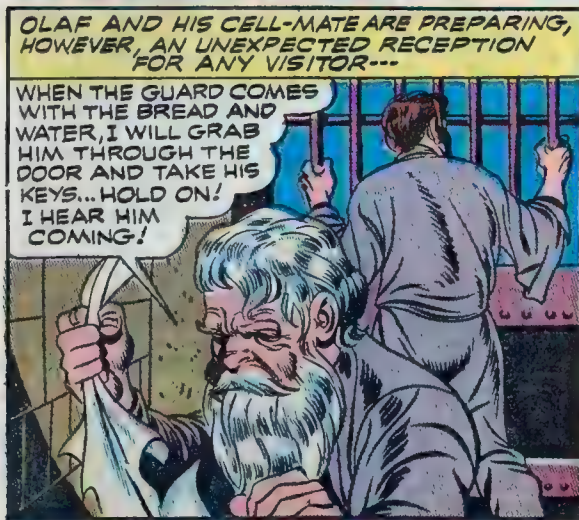
OF COURSE! VOT ELSE, DUMB-KOPF?



OF COURSE, HERR COMMANDANT... HEIL HITLER!



DER PRISONER OLAF HANSON HAS BEEN STIRRING UP TROUBLE LATELY! I'TINK I VILL PAY HIM A VISIT TONIGHT... MIT MEIN GUN!



OLAF AND HIS CELL-MATE ARE PREPARING, HOWEVER, AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION FOR ANY VISITOR...

WHEN THE GUARD COMES WITH THE BREAD AND WATER, I WILL GRAB HIM THROUGH THE DOOR AND TAKE HIS KEYS... HOLD ON! I HEAR HIM COMING!



BUT THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, AND...

THE COMMANDANT! IT IS NOT LIKE HIM TO BE SO FOOLISH! HE WALKED RIGHT INTO OUR PLANS!

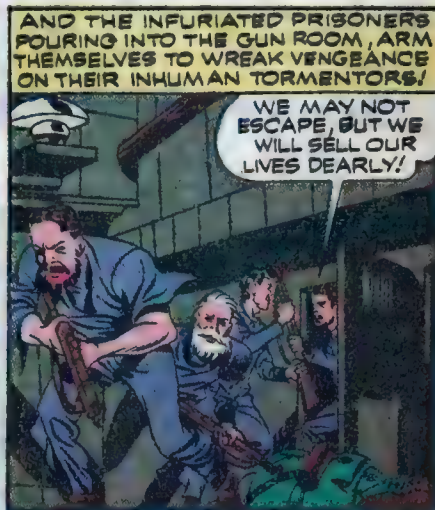
WE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN A BETTER CHRISTMAS GIFT!



HERE...TAKE
HIS KEYS, OLAF...
FREE THE
OTHERS!

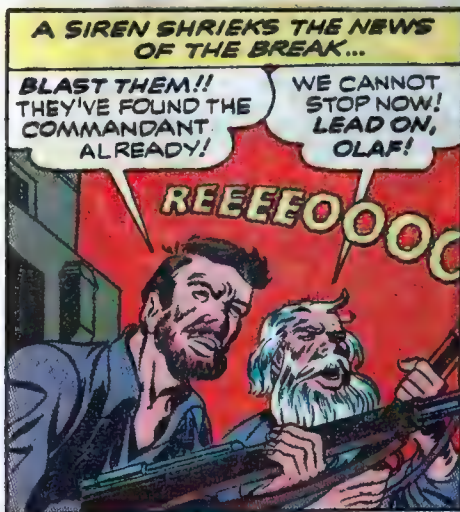


STEALING STEALTHILY
ALONG THE CORRIDORS,
OLAF LIBERATES THE
GAUNT VICTIMS OF NAZI
TERRORISM ...



AND THE INFURIATED PRISONERS
POURING INTO THE GUN ROOM, ARM
THEMSELVES TO WREAK VENGEANCE
ON THEIR INHUMAN TORMENTORS!

WE MAY NOT
ESCAPE, BUT WE
WILL SELL OUR
LIVES DEARLY!

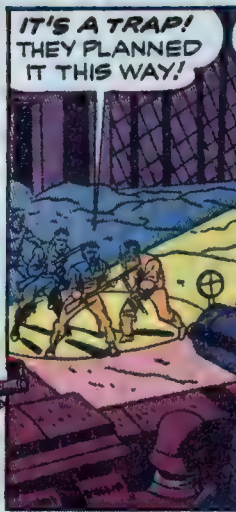


A SIREN SHRIEKS THE NEWS
OF THE BREAK...

BLAST THEM!!
THEY'VE FOUND THE
COMMANDANT.
ALREADY!

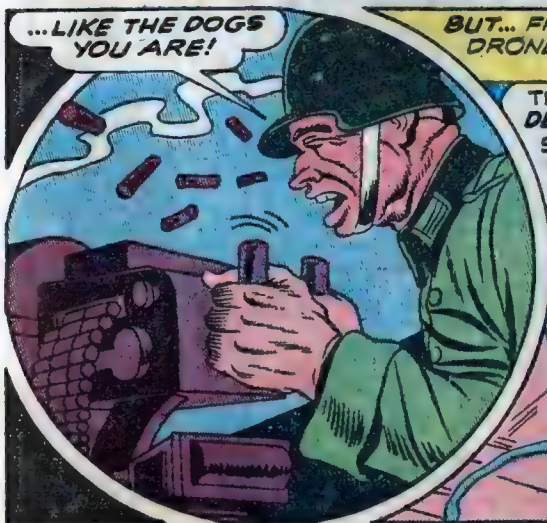
WE CANNOT
STOP NOW!
LEAD ON,
OLAF!

REEEEOOOO



IT'S A TRAP!
THEY PLANNED
IT THIS WAY!

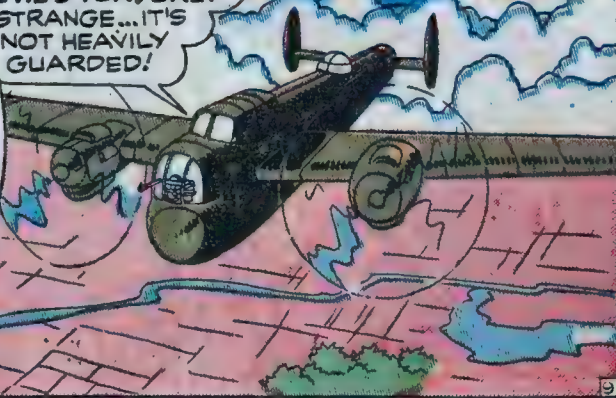
SCHVEIN! YOU HAFF HAD YOUR
FUN...NOW VE VILL HAFF OURS!
YOU VILL ALL DIE...



...LIKE THE DOGS
YOU ARE!

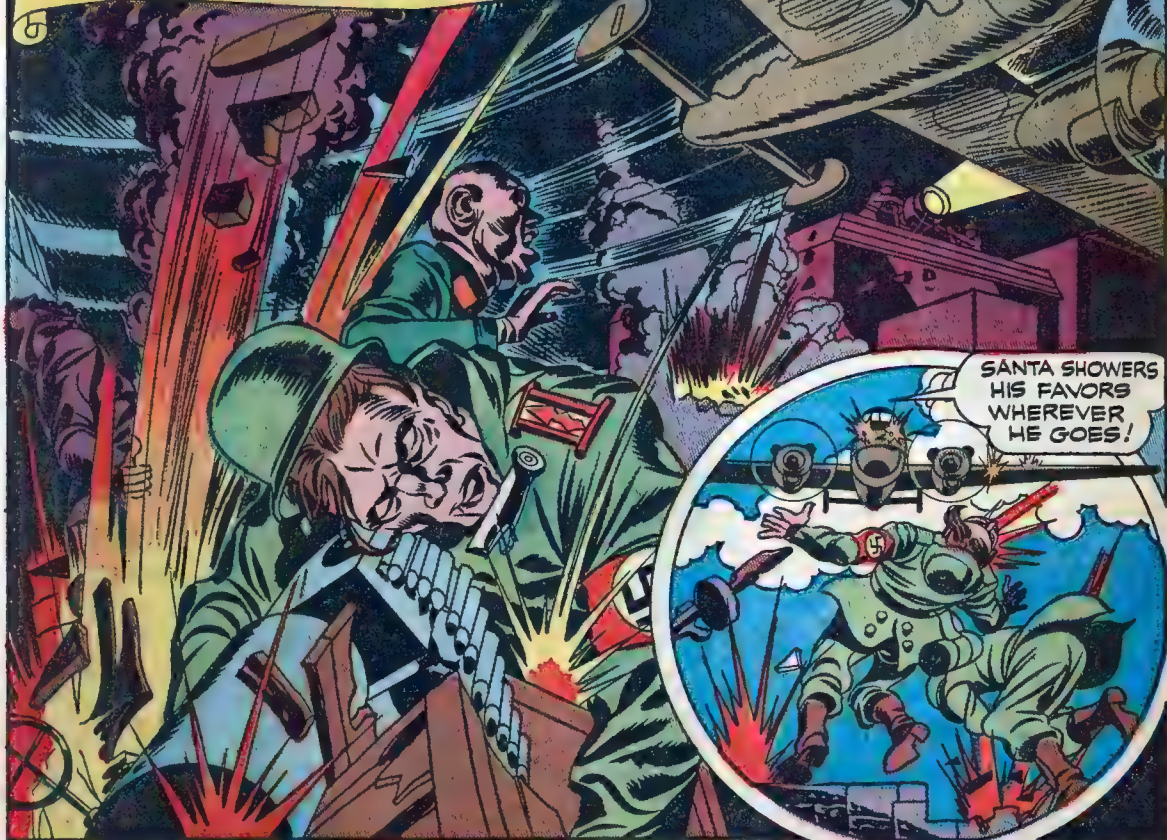
BUT... FROM OUT OF THE VERY HEAVENS, A FAMILIAR
DRONE BLENDS WITH THE STACCATO COUGH OF
THE SUB-MACHINE GUNS...

THERE IT IS, BOYS...
DEVIL'S TORTURE!
STRANGE...IT'S
NOT HEAVILY
GUARDED!

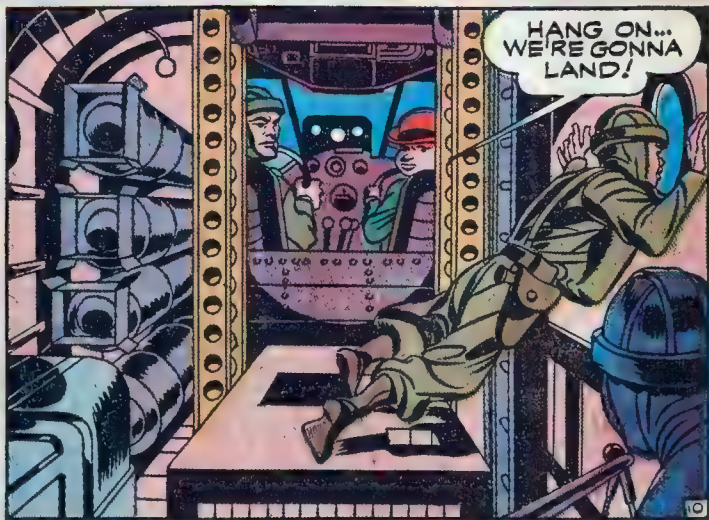
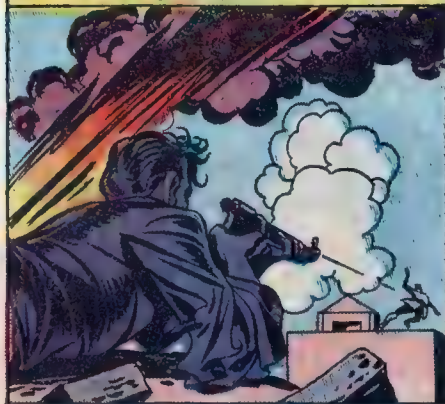


LIKE AVENGING SPIRITS ANSWERING
THE CALL OF THE DISTRESSED...
THEY PLUMMET DOWN FROM THE
SKIES...MIRACLE MEN OF FREEDOM!

THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!



THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSIONS CREATE
A DIVERSION FOR THE TRAPPED
PRISONERS...AND THE TABLES
ARE TURNED ON THEIR RUTHLESS
JAILERS!



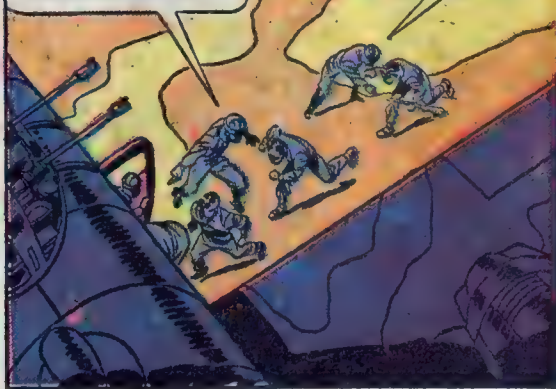
AS THE ESCAPING PRISONERS BREAK LOOSE IN THE CONFUSION, THEY RUN TOWARD THE LANDING BRITISH BOMBER!



IT IS THE COMMANDOS... ONLY THEY WOULD DARE SUCH A RESCUE!

QUICKLY! TO THE PLANE! WE MUST DESTROY THE PRISON COMPLETELY--- BEFORE THEY CAN REORGANIZE!

DIS WAY, OLAF...WE DON'T WANNA LOSE YOU!



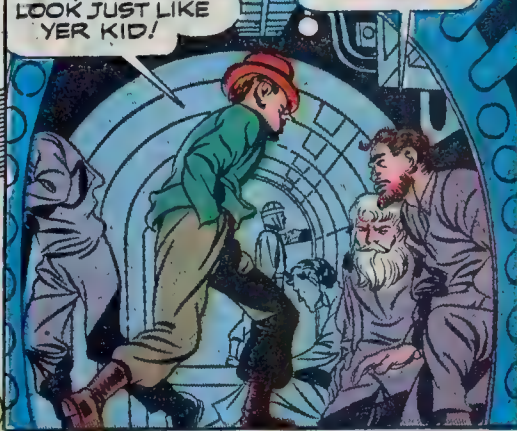
A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION ROCKS THE EARTH...DEVIL'S TORMENT IS NO MORE...



THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION COMPLETED, THE COMMANDOS CATAPULT FROM THE SHAMBLES AS GERMAN MOTORIZED UNITS SCREAM TO THE SCENE OF DESOLATION!

WHAT A SNATCH! WE COULDN'T MISS YOU, OLAF...YA LOOK JUST LIKE YER KID!

LITTLE OLAF... HOW IS HE? IS HE WELL?



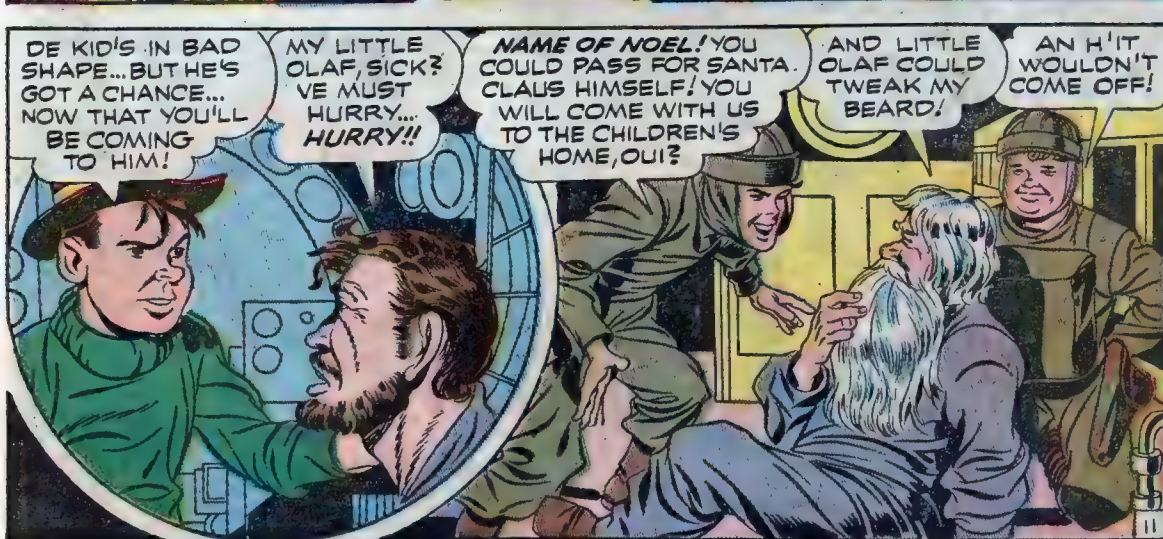
DE KID'S IN BAD SHAPE...BUT HE'S GOT A CHANCE... NOW THAT YOU'LL BE COMING TO HIM!

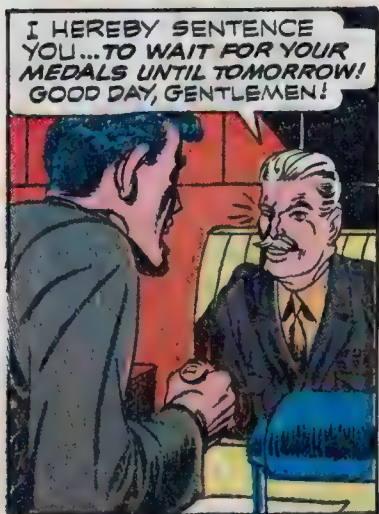
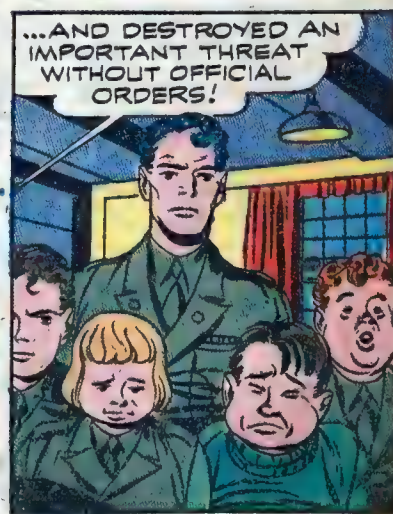
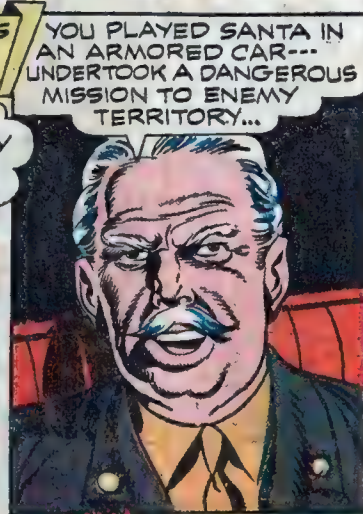
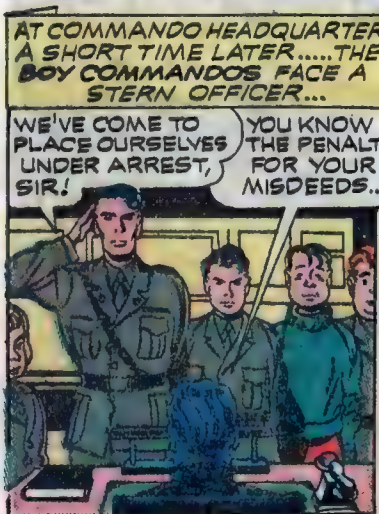
MY LITTLE OLAF, SICK? VE MUST HURRY... HURRY!!

NAME OF NOEL! YOU COULD PASS FOR SANTA. CLAUS HIMSELF! YOU WILL COME WITH US TO THE CHILDREN'S HOME, OUI?

AND LITTLE OLAF COULD TWEAK MY BEARD!

AN H'IT WOULDN'T COME OFF!





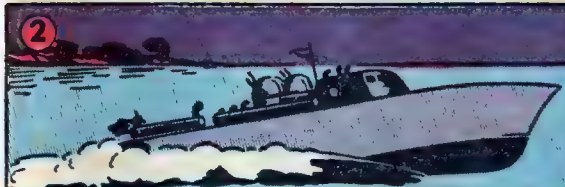
HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.

M-31 M-4 P-47
PBV PT



Dog-fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive, it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. Its symbol is



Poison to the Japs at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedo boats afloat. Their symbol is



Big, tough and streamlined to deflect enemy fire, they're the Army's newest "Sunday Punch." Their symbol is



"Eyes of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, scout the enemy's fleet. Their symbol is

IC-W-5
AB-4
Y-W-3
P-2
P-1
P-4
P-5
ANSWERS



MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is

The 31 ball bearings in the MORROW Coaster Brake give the longest coasting, easiest pedaling ride you ever had.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

DIZZY DATA

..... BY CPL. GEO. R. H.

GRIZZLY BEARS CAN RUN AT THE AMAZING SPEED OF THIRTY MILES PER HOUR!

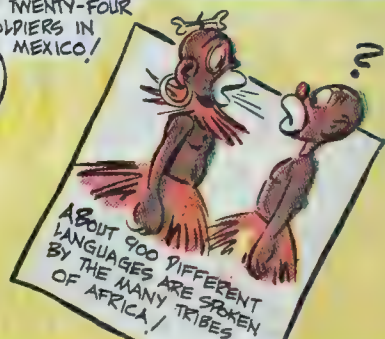


HOW ABOUT LEFT FACE?

NAW - LET'S MAKE IT AN ABOUT FACE!

ACCORDING TO A CHECK-UP MADE SEVERAL YEARS AGO, THERE IS A GENERAL FOR EVERY ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR SOLDIERS IN MEXICO!

GAP! I MUST BE GOING THIRTY-FIVE!

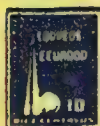


ABOUT 900 DIFFERENT LANGUAGES ARE SPOKEN BY THE MANY TRIBES OF AFRICA!



STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



Simon Bolivar

ONE of South America's greatest liberators and most famous hero was Simon Bolivar. In fact, he may be called the George Washington of Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru, for it was his guiding genius which was instrumental in bringing about their independence. He fought for more than 10 years against the Spanish rulers in the cause of independence and in the beginning was defeated time and time again, only to spring up again at another place with a new army. As his fame grew, so did his armies and it was not long before the tide of battle turned in his favor. He defeated one Spanish

ernment. When Bolivar arrived in Caracas in 1810, it was not long before he became a promoter for the independence of Venezuela. From that time on, he devoted the rest of his life to the cause of liberty and independence. Bolivar became the first president of Colombia which at that time consisted of the former Spanish provinces of Venezuela, Ecuador and New Granada (Colombia) which were united into a greater Colombia. Additional honors were bestowed upon him when the former Spanish province of Upper Peru which he liberated, proclaimed itself the Republic of Bolivia.

Most of the stamps of Vene-



Simon Bolivar

army after another and in 1824 at Ayacucho, Peru, he won a decisive victory which broke the power of Spain in South America.

Simon Bolivar was born in Caracas, Venezuela in 1783, of noble parents who sent him to Spain for an education. While in Europe he was an eye-witness to some of the scenes of the French Revolution. On his trip home, he stopped in the United States where he observed the workings of a free and independent gov-

zuela, and a good many of those of Colombia, Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador, have Bolivar's portrait on the designs. An actual count of the stamps bearing his likeness may show that he has appeared on more stamps of South American countries than any other person. Not only has a country been named after him, but the currency of Venezuela has been called a bolivar and in Bolivia, it is called a boliviano.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c
Complete set to approval applicants only
L. W. BROWN Dept. DA Marion, Mich.

Gigantic Canadian Bargain
Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.
Ensign Stamp Co., Box 118-D, So. Orange, N. J.

UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here's an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable: 52 different U.S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face value as high as the dollar! Wilson, composed entirely of face different postage, airmail and commemorative stamps, nothing else. In addition, 2 U.S. Possession pictorials.

We will send all these for only 10c, but only to sincere approval applicants. In asking for approvals please state whether you are interested in United States or foreign stamps or both.

Approval Headquarters
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
258 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 733 New York City

U.S. FREE Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale **U.S.**
If you Write To-Day for My
Fine U.S. Approvals
JOHN J. GUNTHER, Box 553, Stamford, Conn.

FREE — THE STAMP FINDER!

Send to-day for big new edition fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps! Also fine packet strange, fascinating stamps from Bosnia, Montenegro, Macedonia, Palestine, Cyprus, etc., including Maps, Ships, Animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants including 3c postage.

Box 952 GARCELON STAMP CO., Calais, Maine

GREAT \$4 COL. PRICE FOR 5c OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail; triangle and animal stamps; many others. (2) 2 scarce unused United States, cat. price 20c. (3) Fine packet 25 diff. British Colonies—Ceylon, Jamaica, Tonga, etc. (4) U.S. \$4.00 & \$5.00 high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 5c to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains given.

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 4, Camden, New York

VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika—British Cayman Islands—Animal—Babyhood—Coronation—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map Stamps— with Big Catalogue, all free. Send 5c for postage.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY
Dept. AM Toronto Canada

55 DIFFERENT U.S. 5c

Including AIRMAILS, PRE-SIDENTIALS, high values, 19th Century, COMMEMORATIVES, etc., etc. to applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LISTS included.

W. C. BOOKMAN, Box 143DA, Maplewood, N. J.

PONY EXPRESS SET

Few collectors have ever seen these rare U.S. locals issued by Wells Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who enclose 4c (four cents) postage.

R. D. Roberts & Co., 304 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

118 DIFFERENT STAMPS

Including Commemoratives, Pictorials, sets, etc. Only 3c to Approval Applicants.
Badger Stamp Co., Dept. E, Milwaukee, Wis.

STAMPS — HINGES — BOOK

Packet of 100 different stamps from world; including countries at war; packet of stamp hinges; and 48 page STAMPS, COLLECTORS' HANDBOOK full of valuable information. Everything 10c to approval applicants.

H. D. Dolin, 31 Park Row, New York City

MEXICO CENSUS SET COMPLETE

Free to approval applicants
PLADON STAMP CO.
1712 Idaho, Dept. DA, Toledo, Ohio

EARN CASH! . . . EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls, sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club, and neighborhood or to yourself! I'll start you and profit to you. Wholesale and Bargain Lists sent.

Mortimer C. Ellis, 55 Rhode St., New York City

WAR TORN RUSSIA

Scarce set of four Russian stamps illustrating the war. Absolutely free to SERIOUS approval applicants who enclose the names and addresses of three stamp collecting friends.

Frederick B. Fitts, Dept. 26, Framingham, Mass.

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LEHTI



DID YOU EVER KNOW A MAN WHOSE LUCK WAS ALL BAD? EVERYTHING HAPPENED TO SAM CARVER...BLACK CATS CROSSED HIS PATH, LUCKY COINS WENT SOUR, HORSESHOES LOST THEIR MAGIC WHEN HE TOUCHED THEM AND CROOKS USED HIM FOR A PUNCHING...AND ALL THE TIME, WHILE HIS OWN BAD JUDGMENT WAS AT FAULT, HE BLAMED LADY LUCK! THEN THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING WENT TO HIS RESCUE, RELYING NOT ON LUCK, BUT UPON COURAGE AND SKILL...AND WROTE A HAPPY ENDING TO THE STORY OF

THE
UNLUCKY
REPORTER

OUTSIDE THE PALATIAL HOME OF INVENTOR WILLIAM BETTS... UNLUCKY SAM CARVER TOSSES HIS LUCKY COIN!



SHALL I INTERVIEW MR. BETTS OR SHALL I INTERVIEW MR. BETTS? HA-HA... I CAN'T LOSE... THIS COIN HAS TWO HEADS!

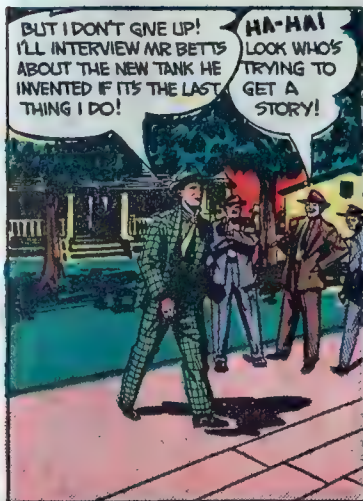
HOLY SMOKE, THIS IS A BAD SIGN! TWO HEADS... AND I COULDN'T GET EITHER OF THEM! I'D BETTER RUB MY LUCKY RABBIT'S FOOT!



AS CARVER REACHES INTO HIS BACK POCKET, A LOOK OF DISMAY CROSSES HIS FACE!



LOST MY RABBIT'S FOOT! BAD LUCK IS SURE TRAILING ME!



BUT I DON'T GIVE UP! I'LL INTERVIEW MR. BETTS ABOUT THE NEW TANK HE INVENTED IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

HA-HA! LOOK WHO'S TRYING TO GET A STORY!

UNLUCKY SAM CARVER RINGS THE DOORBELL- AND THEN...



(GULP... A BLACK CAT!) ERR... I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW MR. BETTS...

I'M MR. WHITE, MR. BETTS'S SECRETARY! SORRY, BUT HE ISN'T READY TO GIVE ANY INTERVIEWS YET!



OH, WELL, I TRIED! BUT I KNEW IT WAS NO USE! I HAVE TO LAUGH AT THESE FELLOWS, WAITING HERE FOR NOTHING!

LATER THAT DAY... CARVER IS TO HAVE LUNCH WITH BETTY JAYNE, HIS FIANCÉE...



LET'S GO AROUND IT, BETTY! UNDER THE LADDER MEANS BAD LUCK!

BUT AS CARVER MOVES HURRIEDLY TO ONE SIDE...



I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH BAD LUCK! BUT I WISH I HAD THAT RABBIT'S FOOT...

LOOK OUT!



THIS IS THE LAST STRAW, SAM CARVER! EVERY TIME I GO OUT WITH YOU, YOU MANAGE TO GET INTO TROUBLE! HERE'S YOUR RING-GOOD-BYE!

BUT BETTY... I WAS BORN UNLUCKY!

THEN A CRIMSON THUNDERBOLT STREAKS DOWN



THIS IS A LONG WAY TO JUMP BUT I'M COUNTING ON SOMETHING SOFT TO BREAK MY FALL!

HEY, LOOK! THAT SWORD! IT'S THE AVENGER!

THE AVENGING SWORD, PRODUCED BY A PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK, STRIKES TERROR INTO THE BLACK HEARTS OF THE CRIMINALS!



ONLY TWO CLOCKS! MIST' CLIMSON NO NEED MY HELP!

AH! HERE ARE A COUPLE OF THINGS SO SOFT THEY'RE MUSHY!



AHHH... THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP!

WISH I WERE THE SANDMAN YOU'D HAVE SOME UNPLEASANT DREAMS!



TWO SHEETS OF WHITE PAPER CATCH THE AVENGER'S HAWK-LIKE EYES!

THESE PAPERS ARE WHAT THOSE CROOKS WANTED! THINK I'LL SEE WHAT THEY ARE!



SUDDENLY...A TWO TON TRUCK HURTTLES FULL SPEED AT THE UNSUSPECTING SCAR-LET SCOURGE OF CRIME!

WELL! THIS PART OF THE FORMULA FOR HARRIGAN'S DOG FOOD! WONDER WHY THOSE CROOKS WANT IT?

MIST' CLIMSON, JUMP!



WHAT

EXCUSE, MIST' CLIMSON, WHILE ME CLEAR WAY FO' TRUCK!

ONLY THE LOYAL WING'S SPLIT-SECOND ACTION HAS AVERTED DISASTER!



THAT TRUCK DELIBERATELY TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN, WING! I UNDERESTIMATED THESE CROOKS! I DIDN'T REALIZE THE FIRST TWO WOULD HAVE PROTECTION!



I STILL HAVE THIS PART OF THE FORMULA, BUT MEANWHILE THOSE CROOKS HAVE ESCAPED! BETTER SEE WHAT HARRIGAN IS DOING!

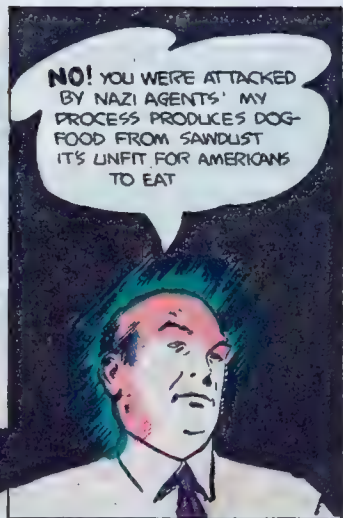
ALSO SEE UNLUCKY MIST CARVA!



INSIDE THE HOUSE THE AVENGER CALMS HARRIGAN'S HARRONED FEELINGS!

CALM YOURSELF MR HARRIGAN! THOSE CROOKS GOT AWAY WITH ONLY HALF THE FORMULA. THEY CAN'T MAKE YOUR SECRET DOGFOOD!

W-WHAT HAPPENED? DID I WALK UNDER A LADDER AGAIN?



NO! YOU WERE ATTACKED BY NAZI AGENTS! MY PROCESS PRODUCES DOG-FOOD FROM SANDLUST. IT'S UNFIT FOR AMERICANS TO EAT



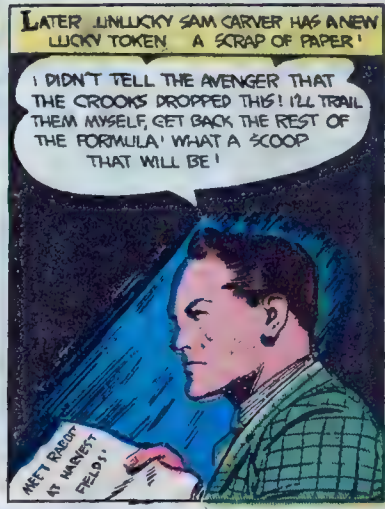
BUT IT ISN'T UNFIT FOR HITLER'S SLAVES! THE NAZIS LACK DECENT FOOD BUT WITH MY FORMULA THEY'LL BE ABLE TO FILL THEIR STOMACHS!

WE'LL FILL THEIR STOMACHS WITH LEAD BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH THEM!



I WONDER WHAT MR TRAVIS WILL SAY WHEN HE LEARNS I RAN INTO TROUBLE AGAIN?

YOU JUST TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED! I'M SURE HE WON'T BLAME YOU!



LATER UNLUCKY SAM CARVER HAS A NEW LUCKY TOKEN A SCRAP OF PAPER!

I DIDN'T TELL THE AVENGER THAT THE CROOKS DROPPED THIS! I'LL TRAIL THEM MYSELF, GET BACK THE REST OF THE FORMULA! WHAT A SCOOP THAT WILL BE!



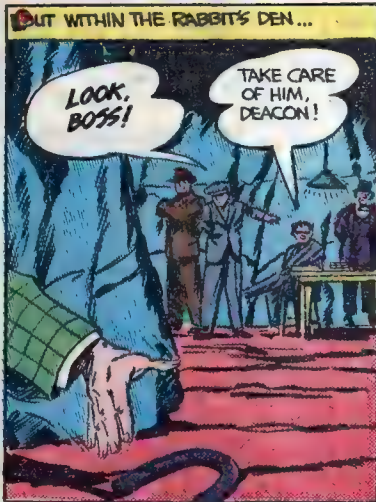
AND SO NEXT MORNING UNLUCKY SAM CARVER FINDS HIMSELF GAZING AT FIELDS OF GROWING GRAIN

THAT SCRAP OF PAPER GAVE ME A WRONG STEER! THERE'S NO SIGN OF A HIDEOUT HERE!



BUT IN THE DISTANCE A SLEEK SPEEDSTER BRAKES TO A QUICK STOP ON A RURAL ROAD!

WONDER WHERE THOSE FELLOWS ARE GOING? THEY LOOK LIKE HOODLUMS TO ME! AND THEY'RE NOT HERE TO ENJOY THE SCENERY

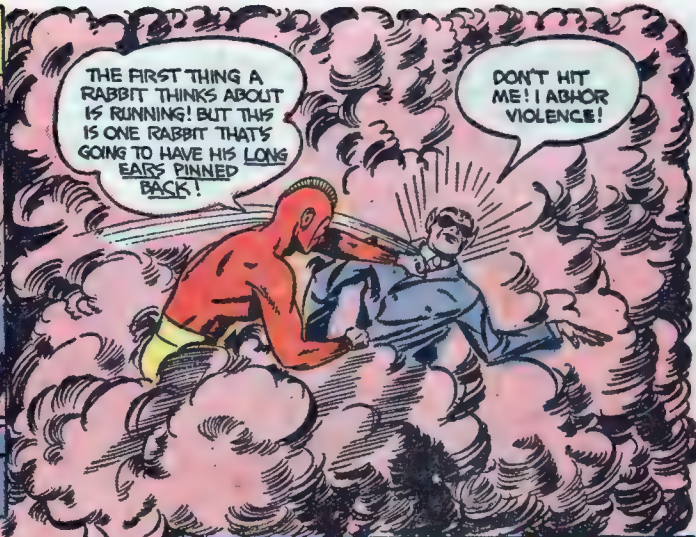


SECONDS LATER, A GLASS CAPSULE SPEEDS FROM THE HANDS OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER...A CRIMSON CLOUD FILLS THE AIR!



IT MUST BE THE AVENGER! RUN FOR IT, MEN!

NO FORGET WING, PLUSS!



THE FIRST THING A RABBIT THINKS ABOUT IS RUNNING! BUT THIS IS ONE RABBIT THAT'S GOING TO HAVE HIS LONG EARS PINNED BACK!

DON'T HIT ME! I ABHOR VIOLENCE!



A DEACON SHOULD HAVE DECORUM, BE STIFF AND DIGNIFIED!

MAYBE I WON'T BE DIGNIFIED, BUT YOU'RE KNOCKING ME STIFF!

I HATE TO STRIKE ANYONE, BUT IT SEEMS NECESSARY!

WATCH OUT, MIST CLIMSON! LABBIT WANT TO FIGHT!



THANKS, WING! I'LL MAKE THIS JACK-RABBIT DOUBLE UP LIKE A JACK-KNIFE!

I KEEP TELLING YOU I ABHOR VIOLENCE, BUT YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME!



THE FRIGHTENED FELONS DECIDE TO SEEK REFUGE IN FLIGHT!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO PUT OUT THE LIGHT AND RUN! WE CAN'T FIGHT ANYBODY WHO HITS LIKE THE AVENGER!



IN THE DARKNESS, ESCAPE IS MADE GOOD!

THIS RABBIT WARREN HAS A LOT OF TUNNELS, WING! TOO BAD WE CAN'T CUT OFF THEIR ESCAPE!

NEV' MIND, MIST CLIMSON, NEXT TIME WE CATCH LABBIT IN TLAPE!



A CRIMSON BEAM FROM THE AVENGER'S SEARCHLIGHT STABS THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND PICKS OUT AN UNFORTUNATE FIGURE!

AM I LUCKY! I'VE STILL GOT THIS HORSESHOE!

YOUR LUCK IS IN BEING ALIVE, CARVER! I WONDER WHAT TROUBLE YOU'LL GET INTO NEXT?

THE AVENGER HAS REASON TO WONDER!
FOR CARVER HAS ANOTHER SCHEME IN
MIND...AND CARVER'S SCHEMES SPELL WOE!

I'M GOING TO GET EVEN WITH
THE RABBIT! I'LL LURE HIM
INTO A TRAP!



I'LL TELL HIM I'M WILLING
TO SELL THE PART OF THE
FORMULA HE DIDN'T GET..
THEN I'LL CAPTURE HIM AND
TURN HIM OVER TO THE F.B.I.!

John, please come at
once Mother sick
and Mary
If rabbit will come
munkate with box
203, he will learn
where to get missing
half of formula. B.
Mr. If you
close deal see ...
WABTD: A good 1941
car, with fairly new

AND SO SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...IN THE DEAD OF
NIGHT, ON A SILENT, DESERTED STREET ...

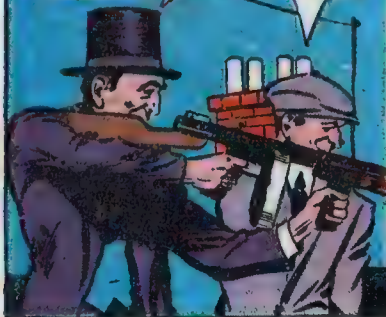
THE RABBIT FELL FOR MY
SCHEME! I'LL SHOW MR. TRAVIS I'M
NOT SO UNLUCKY! HE'LL GIVE
ME A RAISE WHEN HE LEARNS
I'VE CAPTURED A NAZI
SPY!



MEANWHILE, ON A LONELY ROOFTOP, THE
DEACONAINS A TOMMY GUN!

THAT DUMB REPORTER
HAS CAUSED US ENOUGH
TROUBLE! HERE'S WHERE
HE GETS RUBBED OUT!

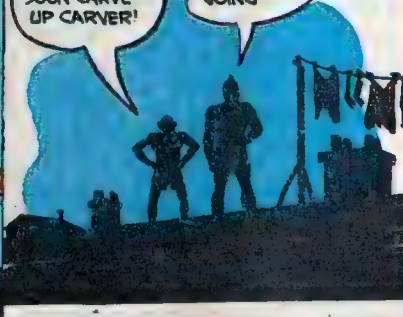
THE RABBIT
SAID TO RUB
HIM OUT WITH-
OUT VIOLENCE!



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE DEACON, HE HIMSELF
IS WATCHED! FOR ON A NEIGHBORING ROOFTOP,
THE LYNX-EYED AVENGER AND WING PREPARE
TO PLAY THEIR PARTS IN A GRIM THREE
CORNERED DRAMA!

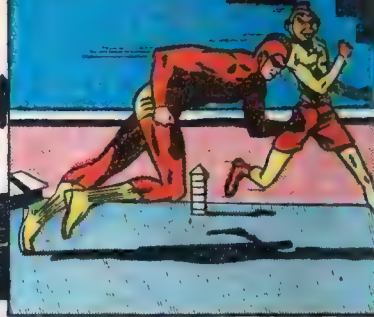
LOOK LIKE
THOMAS-GUN
SOON CARVE
UP CARVER!

YES, WING, IT'S
TIME WE GOT
GOING!



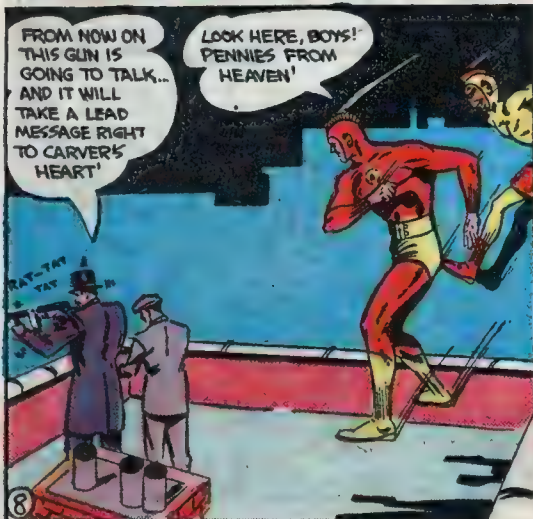
THIS SHORT RUN
WILL GIVE US
MOMENTUM!

FUNNY, TAKE NOT
EVEN ONE MOMENT
TO GET ONE
MOMENTUM!



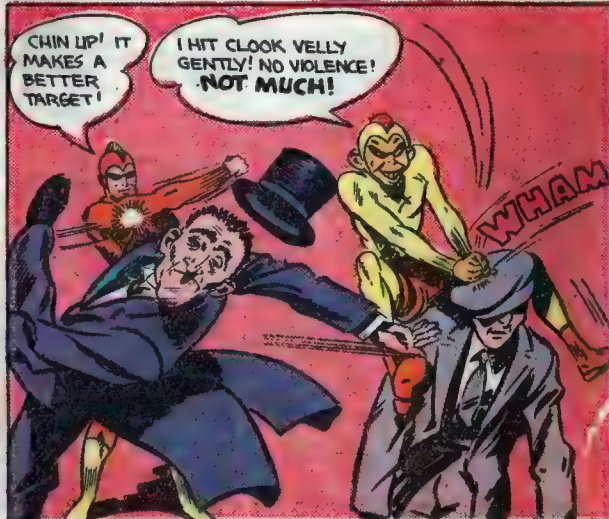
FROM NOW ON
THIS GUN IS
GOING TO TALK...
AND IT WILL
TAKE A LEAD
MESSAGE RIGHT
TO CARVER'S
HEART!

LOOK HERE, BOYS!
PENNIES FROM
HEAVEN!



CHIN UP! IT
MAKES A
BETTER
TARGET!

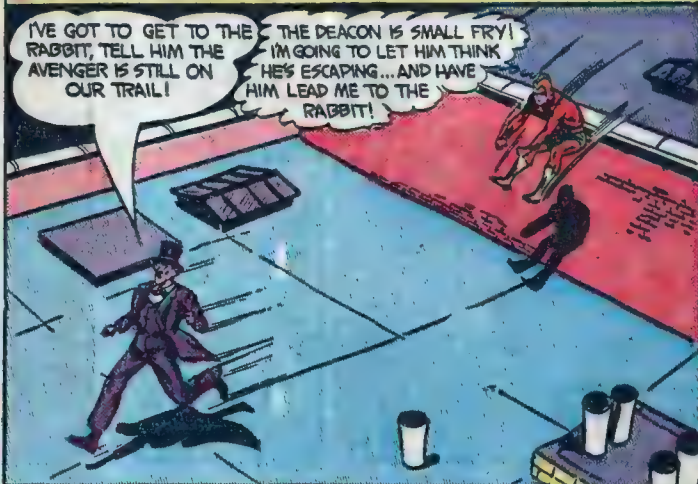
I HIT CLOOK VELLY
GENTLY! NO VIOLENCE!
NOT MUCH!



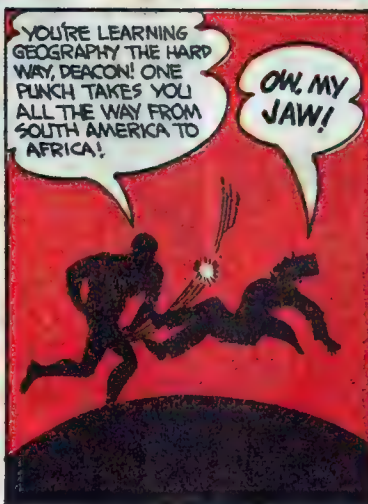
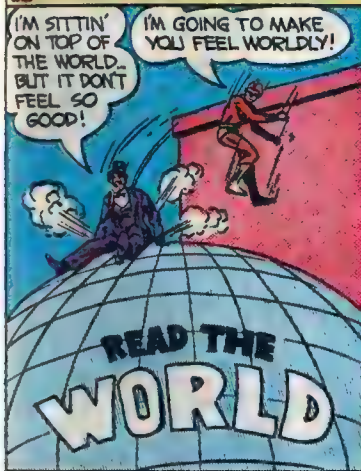
WHILE IN THE STREET BELOW...



ONCE MORE THE DEACON MAKES A DASH FOR SAFETY...



A DESPERATE LEAP BY THE DEACON...



THE AVENGER FINDS WING ENJOYING THE SCENERY!



WING FISHES THE UNLUCKY, WATER-SOAKED REPORTER OUT OF THE FOUNTAIN!



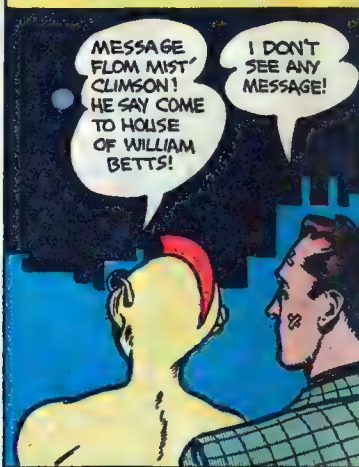
MEANWHILE, THE CRIMSON CRIME-CRUSHER, TAKING NUMEROUS SHORT-CUTS OVER THE ROOFTOPS, PURSUES HIS QUARRY TO HIS GOAL!



NEXT MOMENT, A LARGE BALLOON DRIFTS OVER THE CITY STREETS! ON IT, SCRAWLED IN SPECIAL PAINT, GLOWS AN URGENT MESSAGE, INVISIBLE TO ORDINARY EYES!



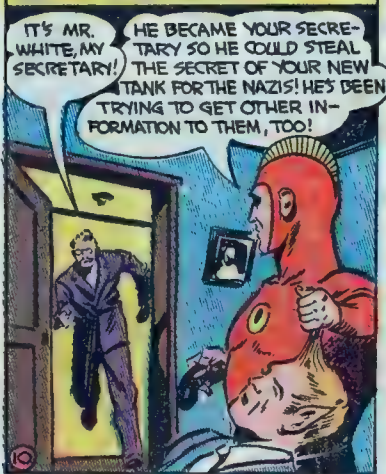
WEARING SPECIAL SPECTACLES, WING SCANS THE SKIES! SOON...



A FEW MOMENTS, AND THE CRIME-SMASHING TEAM IS REUNITED! THEN...



ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, WILLIAM BETTS COMES RUNNING!



HERE'S THE OTHER HALF OF THAT SAWDUST TO DOGFOOD FORMULA! AND NOW, I THINK THE F.B.I. HAD BETTER TAKE OVER!



LATER...IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER



THE CRIMSON AVENGER WAS GOOD LUCK FOR THE UNLUCKY REPORTER... BUT HE AND THE FAITHFUL WING ARE PLENTY BAD LUCK FOR CROOKS! KEEP TRACK OF THEIR CRIME-CRASHING ACTION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...
DETECTIVE COMICS!

A REAL PRIZE AMONG COMICS!

YESSIR HERE'S THAT
SPEEDY-ACTION MAGAZINE
THAT FEATURES AMERICA'S
FIGHTING TWINS

YANK AND DOODLE
IN THE FASTEST SORT
OF BANG-UP ADVENTURE!
PLUS A FLOCK OF
OTHER TOP-NOTCH
FEATURES!



**ON
SALE
EVERY
MONTH
AT
STANDS
EVERY-
WHERE!
DON'T
MISS IT!**

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co. 344 Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

The "Stovepipe," as the 60-millimeter trench mortar is commonly known, is used by our infantry for close-in fighting. It fires a 2.4-pound shell at the rate of about 35 a minute.



The mortar fires its projectile in a U-shaped arc and for this reason may be successfully camouflaged behind an obstruction. It costs about \$500. You and your neighbors, joining together, can buy many of these effective weapons for use of our army.

LIONEL CHEM-LAB

Now, right at the moment when chemical research is of utmost importance to America, Lionel introduces a miniature chemical laboratory for boys and girls. Complete and professional in every way, Lionel Chem-Lab will give you all the magic and dark secrets of this science. Read about Lionel Chem-Labs in the new 1942 Lionel Catalog. See them at your nearest toy store.

LIONEL TRAINS

Go to your nearest department store, hardware, electrical or toy dealer and ask for a copy of the new, big, 1942 Lionel Catalog. It pictures in full color this year's great, new fleet of Lionel speed wizards. Big, powerful engines with remote control locomotive whistles. Snarling little switchers with electrically operated engine bells. If you can't wait—if you want your catalog at once—then clip and mail coupon below, enclosing 10 cents to cover postage and handling.

LIONEL, Dept. 5, 15 East 26th St., New York.
Enclosed is 10c to cover postage and handling.
Please send a copy of new 1942 Lionel Catalog.

Name

Address

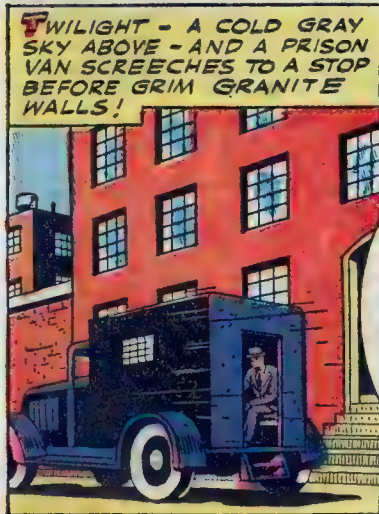
City

State



TALL SPIES, SHORT SPIES, FAT SPIES, THIN SPIES... NAZIS, FASCISTS, JAPANESE... **BART REGAN** HAS CAUGHT THEM ALL! BUT NOW COMES THE STRANGEST AND MOST THRILLING EVENT OF HIS STRANGE AND THRILLING CAREER... FOR **BART REGAN** HIMSELF BECOMES A SPY AND WITH TWO STRIKES ON HIM, AND DEATH AND DEFEAT STARING HIM IN THE FACE, HE HITS A HOME RUN TO WIN THE GAME AND CHEAT..

"DEATH ON THE DIAMOND!"



TWILIGHT - A COLD GRAY SKY ABOVE - AND A PRISON VAN SCREECHES TO A STOP BEFORE GRIM GRANITE WALLS!



A DETECTIVE AND HIS PRISONER EMERGE...

COME ALONG! THIS IS GOING TO BE YOUR HOME FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS!



WHO IS THIS DANGEROUS PRISONER? NONE OTHER THAN BART REGAN, SECRET SERVICE AGENT!

I WAS FRAMED I TELL YOU! I WAS FRAMED!

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!

A NEW LIFE BEGINS FOR BART REGAN... A LIFE OF DULL, DEADLY MONOTONY THAT SEARS THE SOUL!

EYES STRAIGHT AHEAD!

STEP IT UP! QUIT LOAFING!

LIGHTS OUT!

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE!



AND THEN ONE DAY... FLAMING REVOLT!

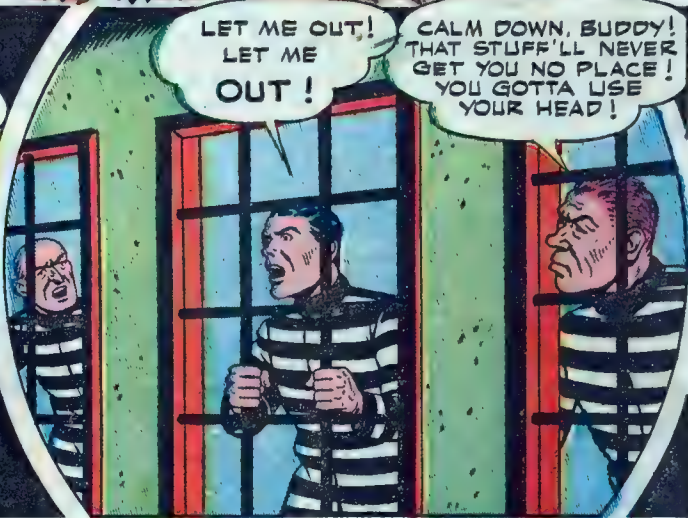
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! I WANT TO GO HOME!

HE'S STIR-CRAZY!



LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!

CALM DOWN, BUDDY! THAT STUFF'LL NEVER GET YOU NO PLACE! YOU GOTTA USE YOUR HEAD!



SURE, YOU GOTTA WORK IT DIFFERENT WITH THESE GUARDS! SOFT SOAP 'EM AND THEY'LL BE NICE TO YOU!

GOOD MORNING, GUARD! HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST?

THAT'S THE STUFF! GIVE 'EM THE OLD OIL!



THANKS, SAM! YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND!



THUS, A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP IS FORMED... BETWEEN A SECRET SERVICE AGENT AND A HARDENED CRIMINAL!

YOU YELLOW RATS! SCARED, HUH? WELL, ANYBODY THAT TRIES TO BEAT REGAN HAS TO BEAT ME, TOO!



TO UNDERSTAND WHY THE FRIENDSHIP WAS FORMED, WE MUST GO BACK SEVERAL MONTHS ... TO THE OFFICES OF THE SECRET SERVICE!

YES, REGAN, INFORMATION VITAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE IS BEING SMUGGLED OUT OF THAT PRISON! HOW, I DON'T KNOW!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, CHIEF! I'LL HAVE TO GET IN TO THAT PRISON!

IT'S A DANGEROUS GAME, REGAN!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! I'LL MANAGE IT SO THAT NOT EVEN THE WARDEN WILL SUSPECT WHO I AM! THEN I'LL MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE CONVICTS, AND LEARN THINGS!

YES, NO ONE SUSPECTS... EXCEPT ONE INSIGNIFICANT-LOOKING CONVICT... "THE PENMAN"... A FORGER!

REGAN'S FACE IS FAMILIAR, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I'VE SEEN IT! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE HIM!

THAT EVENING... RETURNING FROM MESS HALL...

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STEPPING ON MY FOOT?

WHY- I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT!

LIKE FLAME STRIKING DRY TINDER, THE SINGLE SPARK OF HATE KINDLES A RAGING INFERNO!

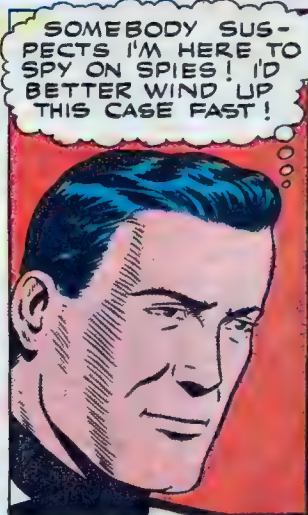
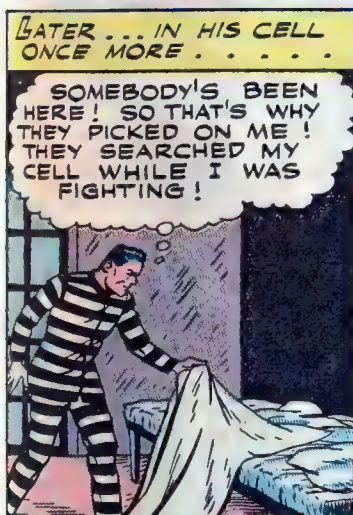
HE'S A WISE GUY! KNOCK HIM DOWN! KICK HIM!

AH! WHAT SHORT SENTENCES! THE JUDGE GAVE YOU TOO SHORT A SENTENCE, LEFTY!

BUT NOW YOU'RE GOING UP FOR A LONG STRETCH!

SO YOU DON'T BAR ANY DIRTY TRICKS. HUH? WELL, I BAR YOU!

OH, BOY, I'M SLUGGIN' A THOUSAND IN THIS LEAGUE!





ANOTHER
TRIP AROUND
THE BASES!
CAN I HIT
'EM!

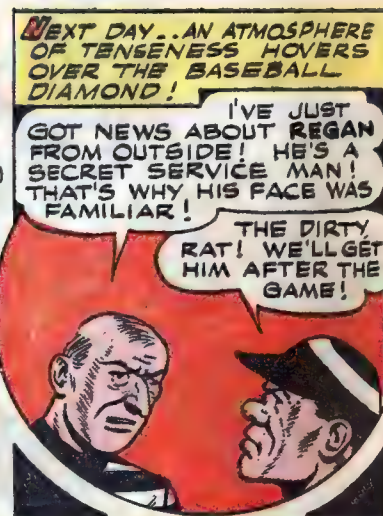
SAM IS HIT-
TING TOO
MANY HOMERS.
I'M BEGINNING
TO UNDER-
STAND HOW THE
SPIES WORK! I'LL
HAVE TO WARN
THE WARDEN!



WHAT DO HOME RUNS HAVE
TO DO WITH SPIES? CAN
YOU GUESS?

NICE
WORK, SLUGGER!

TOMORROW
I'M GOING TO
KNOCK A HOMER
MYSELF!



NEXT DAY...AN ATMOSPHERE
OF TENSENESS HOVERS
OVER THE BASEBALL
DIAMOND!

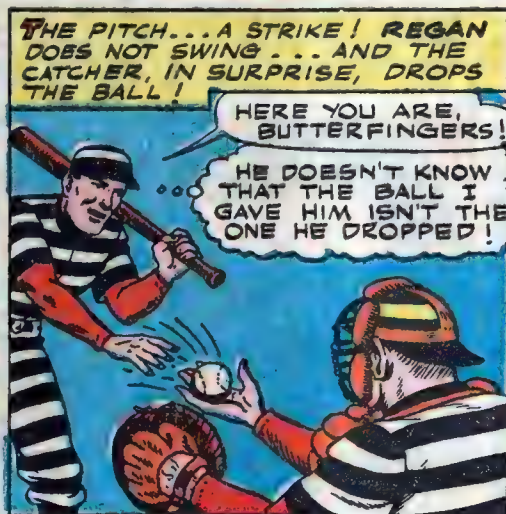
I'VE JUST
GOT NEWS ABOUT REGAN
FROM OUTSIDE! HE'S A
SECRET SERVICE MAN!
THAT'S WHY HIS FACE WAS
FAMILIAR!

THE DIRTY
RAT! WE'LL GET
HIM AFTER THE
GAME!



THE GAME BEGINS -
SCORELESS INNINGS
PASS - AND THEN BART
REGAN COMES TO BAT.

THIS IS GOIN' TO BE
A HOT ONE! I'LL LET
THE SECRET SERVICE
MAN HIT A HOMER...
AND DO OUR DIRTY
WORK!



THE PITCH...A STRIKE! REGAN
DOES NOT SWING... AND THE
CATCHER, IN SURPRISE, DROPS
THE BALL!

HERE YOU ARE,
BUTTERFINGERS!

HE DOESN'T KNOW
THAT THE BALL I
GAVE HIM ISN'T THE
ONE HE DROPPED!



MAYBE HE'LL
HIT THIS ONE!



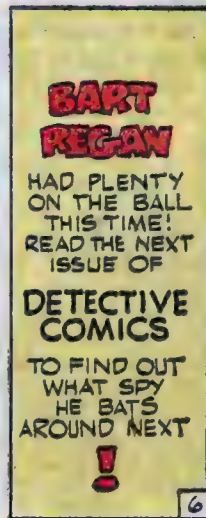
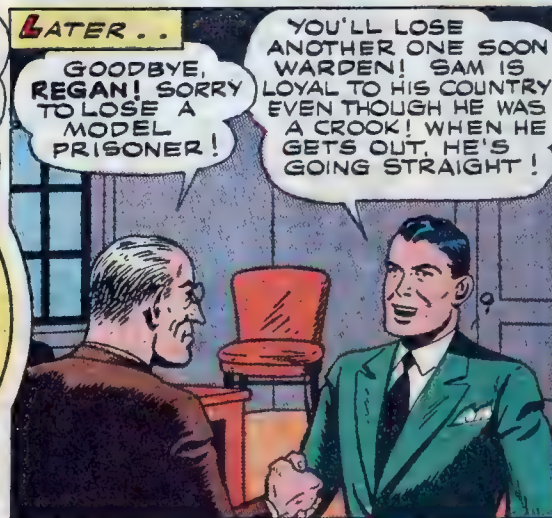
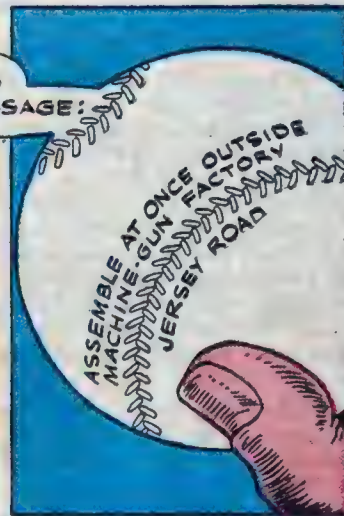
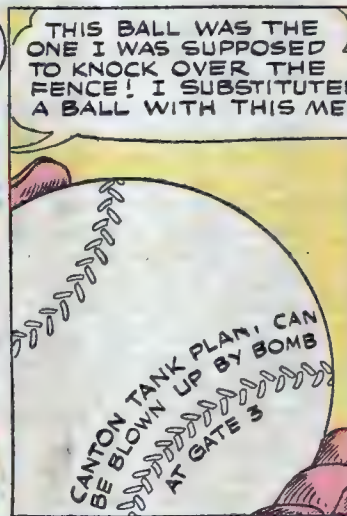
HE DID! WE'RE
SURE PLAYIN' HIM
FOR A SAP!

THERE GOES THAT
HOME RUN! SLUGGER
SAM ISN'T THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN HIT
THEM!



THE GAME ENDS...AND FROM
THE CROWD OF PLAYERS RISES
A CHILLING CRY!

GET REGAN!
HE'S A STOOL-
PIGEON!



MURDER ON THE CAMPUS

by Jack Watson

WHEN he heard one of the boys giggle, Slater said sharply: "Murder isn't funny." Then he moved swiftly across the room, seeing the boy's knees buckle. A loud gasp came from Dean Drake.

Slater caught the boy as he sagged. He knew then that the lad, Oxford, hadn't been trying to be funny. It was almost hysteria that had caused him to giggle.

Oxford was coming to. With scared eyes he looked at the detective. "I'm sorry, Mr. Slater, I didn't mean—"

Slater's voice was kindly. "That's all right, son. I should have realized." He nodded toward the small, stocky student named Paulus. "You'd better help him back to the dormitory. See that he lies down."

Dean Drake "hmmd", clearing his throat. This was most distressing, a detective in Wharton University, and a dead man in the morgue. A very important man, Dean Drake realized now, very important.

Slater looked at him. "You've no idea where this other lad, Carson, can be?" He sighed as Dean Drake shook his head. "It's impossible, Dean, that a student can vanish in thin air. I can't figure it out."

The cleaning man had found Professor Glenn's body. The scientist, in the habit of working all hours, had been killed by a blunt instrument sometime after eleven o'clock in the evening. He had been dead seven hours, the medical examiner attested. There was no doubt but that the murderer had made away with important papers on which Glenn had been working. The scientist's notes on a new experiment were missing.

And now, an hour earlier, Slater had discovered the nature of the experiment. A new

explosive powerful enough to wipe out all opposition.

Spy work? Slater found it hard to believe. But he knew that the FBI, always willing to follow down the least suspicion, would take over the case any minute now. They had been keeping an eye on Professor Glenn.

"Mr. Slater." Dean Drake's voice was pitious. All his life he had been immersed in letters, sheltered behind the ancient, ivy covered walls of Wharton U. And now this. He was bewildered.

"What are we going to do, Mr. Slater?"

"I don't know. So far, at least, we've been able to keep the newspapers out of here. Maybe we can do it twenty-four hours more. I don't know." He shrugged. "Better get me that Carson kid's home town address. I'll have the local authorities check there."

"Yes, yes," said Dean Drake eagerly, as though anxious to get out of the laboratory. "It's in my office." He hustled out.

Slater, alone, looked around the laboratory. This was really a tough nut to crack. Alibi tight. Those kids; so far. Oxford and Paulus. They had been in the lab, along with Carson, until nine o'clock. Then they had gone to their dormitories.

Oxford always slept with his door open. Other students remembered seeing him in bed at eleven and at twelve. And that seemed to rule him out. Besides, he looked too scary for murder.

So, for that matter, did Paulus. Oxford had supplied his alibi. "He was talking, at least until eleven, with Carson," Oxford had said. "The walls connecting the room are so thin I heard them plainly. They were discussing music, of which both of them are fond, since

they play in the school band."

Paulus' alibi had checked.

But where was Carson? No one had seen him all day. Somebody said he might have gone out on a biology field trip. He was behind in that study. Because of this, Slater hadn't sent out a general alarm.

And that never helped. Slater, frowning, took a photo from his pocket, studied the shot the police photographer had taken of the dead man. A blunt instrument all right, struck at the base of the skull.

He put back the photo. His lips were grim. "Carson," he muttered, "maybe you had nothing to do with this, but I'm going to find out." He headed for the janitor's quarters.

A stranger opened to his knock. The man's face was grimy, streaked with oil and grease.

"This is the regular man's day off. He'll be back tomorrow," the stranger said.

Slater went out in the direction of the dormitories. Oxford was in Paulus' room, listening to records on the latter's record player. Paulus got up as Slater came in. "He's feeling much better, Mr. Slater." His face was concerned. "Did you find anything?"

"Nothing." Slater sank down on the bed, stretched his hands wearily behind him. "I'd sure like to find Carson, though."

Paulus' face was shocked. "Why, surely, Mr. Slater, you don't suspect him? I'm telling you he went to bed about twelve, when we finished playing a Beethoven recording I bought."

"That's right," Oxford said, weakly. "I was just dozing off when I heard him say good-night." He smiled wanly. "Carson's big and noisy, but harmless. You can hear him all over the dorm."

Paulus was picking up a music instrument case. "If you don't mind, Mr. Slater," he said. "I've got to go now. We've a rehearsal."

"Okay," Slater said, his eye on the chair Paulus had vacated. "But stick around the school." He heaved himself to his feet as the boy went out. A surprised exclamation burst from his lips as the bed suddenly skidded.

"Look out," Oxford cried. "I should have warned you about that."

"It's too late," Slater said ruefully, disentangling himself from the wastebasket into which he had skidded across the bare floor. Papers were strewn everywhere. "This fellow should buy some rugs."

He pushed the papers back into the basket. Then, suddenly, he stopped, examined a narrow strip of paper, like ticker tape. "What's this?" There were only two words, in capital letters, printed on it. "COME HOME".

"What is it?" Oxford was looking at him anxiously across the room. "Did you find something?"

The knock interrupted him. It was the Dean, waving a slip of paper.

"Here it is, Mr. Slater. Carson's address. His home is about five hundred miles from here, in Talton. Oh, what is this?" His eyes found the litter around the wastebasket. "I'll send for the janitor, Mr. Slater." His lips thinned. "And I'll also have a few words to say to Mr. Paulus. This room is a disgrace." He spoke to Oxford. "Call Manning and tell him to come up here."

"Manning's not on," Slater said. "This is his day off."

The Dean stared at him. "Manning is off on Sundays," he said, firmly. "The same as the rest of us."

A gasp came from Oxford. "That's right," he said, "I was wondering about that when a strange janitor came to the door just before you arrived, Mr. Slater. I was talking to Paulus,

trying to persuade him to play his own recording of a wonderful clarinet solo. The janitor apologized for knocking at the wrong door."

"Wait a minute. Did you say a recording?" Slater's fingers toyed with the strip of paper he had found. He pointed to the machine. "Does that thing make records, too?"

"Certainly," Oxford said. "Paulus has a fine collection of his own stuff. He really—" He stopped, stared in amazement. Slater was running out of the room!

"Mr. Slater—" Dean Drake protested. "You forgot—"

He was breathing heavily when he rapped smartly on the janitor's door. For a long moment, there was no answer.

Slater tried the door. Locked. He rapped again.

This time, he heard shuffling footsteps.

The janitor's face appeared in the crack of the door. "Yes?"

Slater's burly form pushed open the door. "I want to talk to you," he said, shoving the man aside. "Put on a light."

Only a shaft of light from the campus illuminating system showed through the window. But it was enough for Slater to see the shadow move across it. Instinctively, he darted, threw up his arm.

Pain knifed through it as a heavy instrument descended on it, but, with his left hand, he managed to get out his gun. He fired at the janitor, who was fumbling in his pocket.

The man sank against the wall. Another figure moved toward the door, lashed out as Slater's body hurtled through the gloom. Something swished over Slater's head. But the head, buried in the mysterious figure's mid-riff, was unharmed.

Slater snapped on the light. The janitor was dead.

"Get up, Paulus," Slater said to the whimpering figure beside the door. "And I'll take this." He hefted the clarinet. "So you loaded it with lead," he said, "to kill Professor Glenn."

Paulus' frantic eyes looked at him, and he struggled for breath. Snarling, Slater hauled him to his feet. "Where's that notebook?"

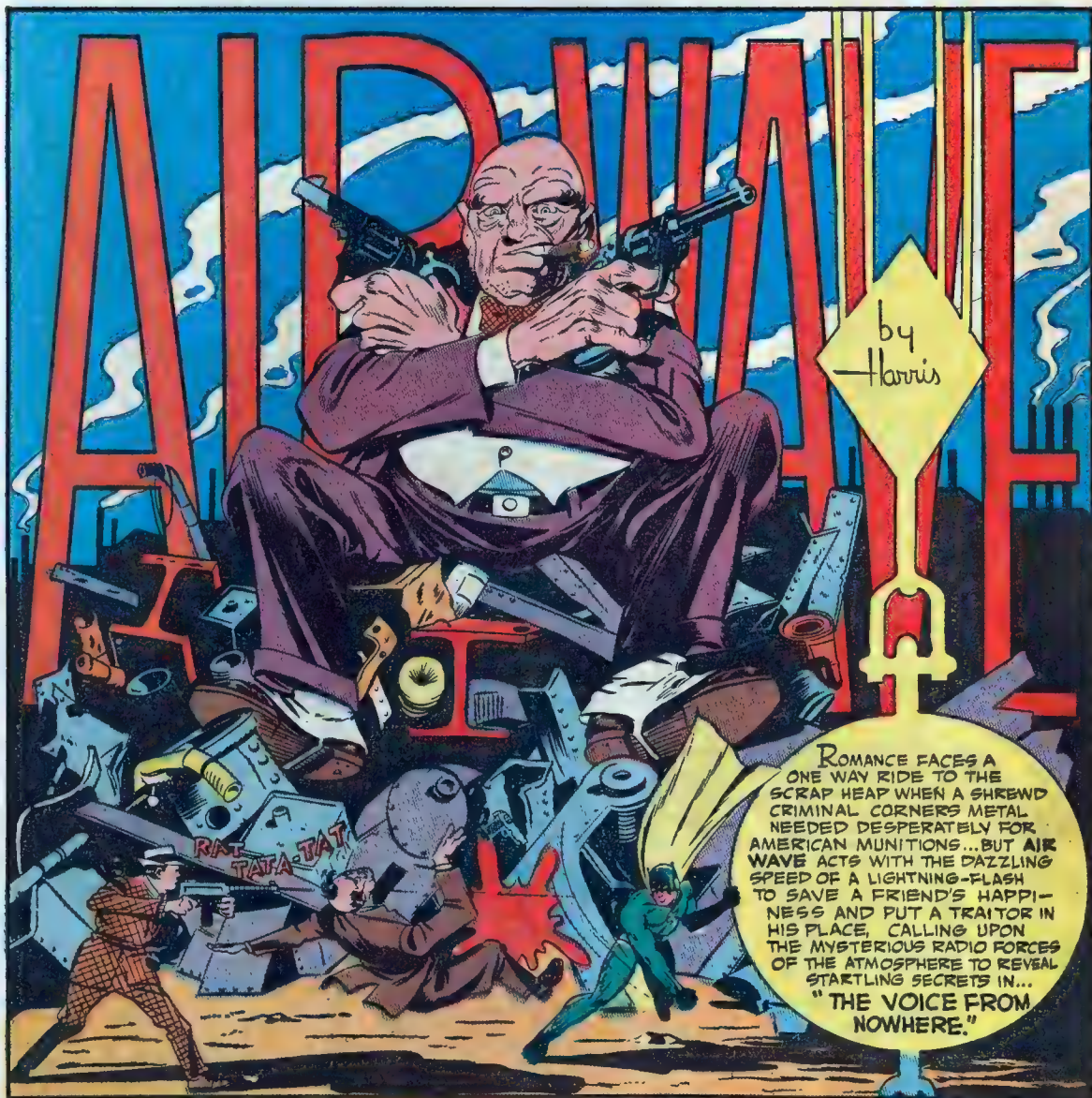
All the fight was gone from Paulus now. He pointed to the dead man. "He has them. He's my uncle."

Slater retrieved the papers. He kept his gun on Paulus, "Talk, son." His eyes were mere slits now. "And you can skip the details of the recording machine." He held the narrow strip of paper in his hand. "I know you faked a message for Carson to go home. You planted it in his room last night after returning from the laboratory. You knew he'd rush right home, and you probably were with him all the time to urge him on. Then, when he left, you put on a recording you had made of a conversation at some earlier time with Carson. He never knew you made it. This gave you a swell alibi, because you knew your talking might keep Oxford awake. Then you went back to the laboratory and killed Glenn with this." He held out the clarinet.

Paulus shrank away. His eyes rolled and he babbled, almost incoherently. Like his uncle, he, too, was a Nazi and a spy. He had met the uncle the year before, on a vacation in Germany, arranged for him to come over if Glenn should complete his experiments. Because strangers weren't admitted to the college, the uncle had waylaid the real janitor, established the contact.

Impassively, Slater listened to the confession. Then he hauled the frightened Paulus to his feet, snapped on the cuffs. Oddly, he found himself laughing. But it was only with happiness, because he had muffed a couple of obvious clues, but managed to make good on them. He was still grinning as he pushed Paulus into a squad car.

"Just wait'll the Dean reads the papers," he chuckled, "It'll make scholastic history."



ROMANCE FACES A ONE WAY RIDE TO THE SCRAP HEAP WHEN A SHREWD CRIMINAL CORNERS METAL NEEDED DESPERATELY FOR AMERICAN MUNITIONS...BUT AIR WAVE ACTS WITH THE DAZZLING SPEED OF A LIGHTNING-FLASH TO SAVE A FRIEND'S HAPPINESS AND PUT A TRAITOR IN HIS PLACE, CALLING UPON THE MYSTERIOUS RADIO FORCES OF THE ATMOSPHERE TO REVEAL STARTLING SECRETS IN...
"THE VOICE FROM NOWHERE."



DAILY BLAH
THIRD JUNK DEALER
MURDER A WEEK

HERE'S
YOUR
PAY!

DON'T...
AH-H-H...

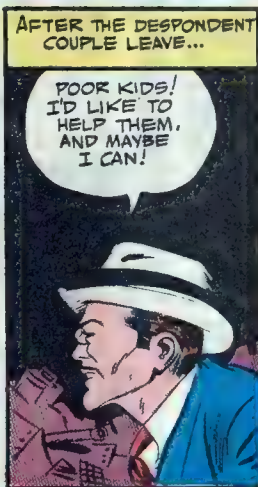
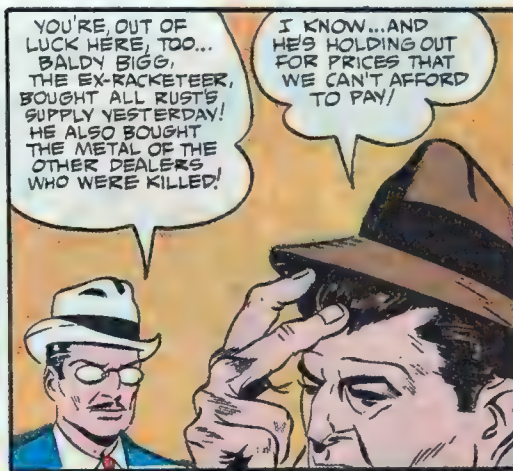
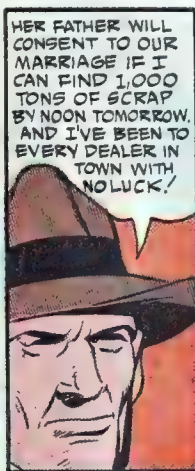
NEXT
MORNING,
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY
LARRY JORDAN
MEETS TWO
FRIENDS AT
THE SCENE
OF THE
TRAGEDY...

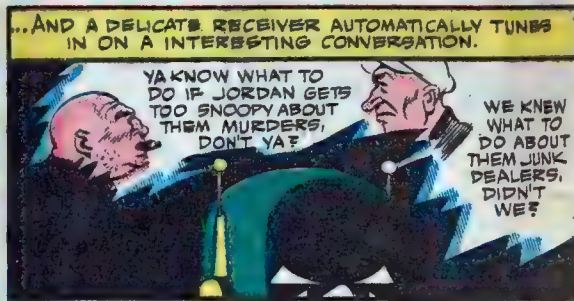
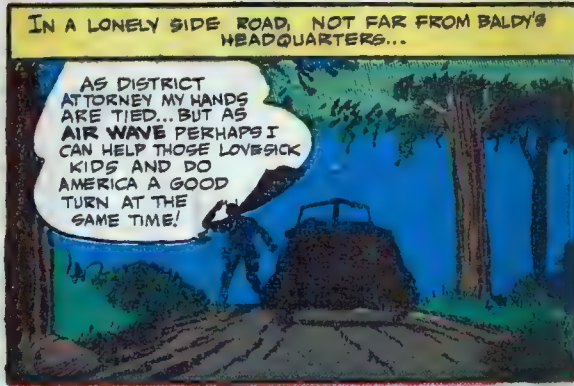
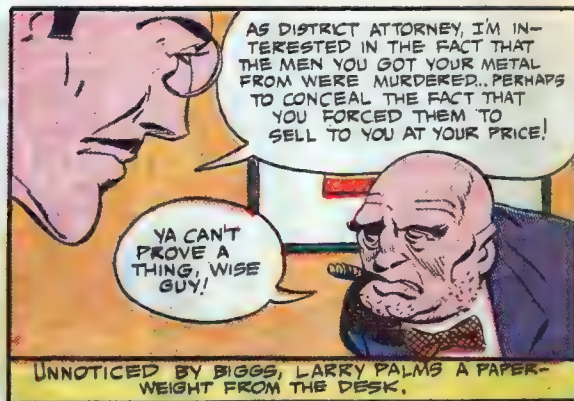
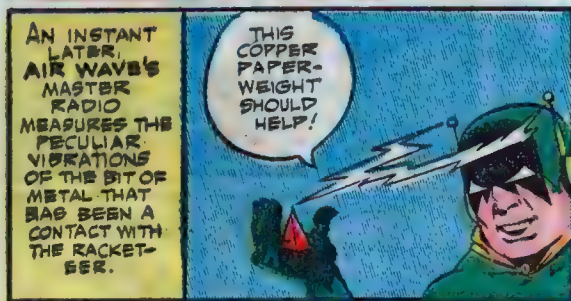
WELL, GEORGE PAINES
AND VIRGINIA OWEN,
YOU LOOK WORRIED...
DID YOU KNOW THE
DEAD MAN?

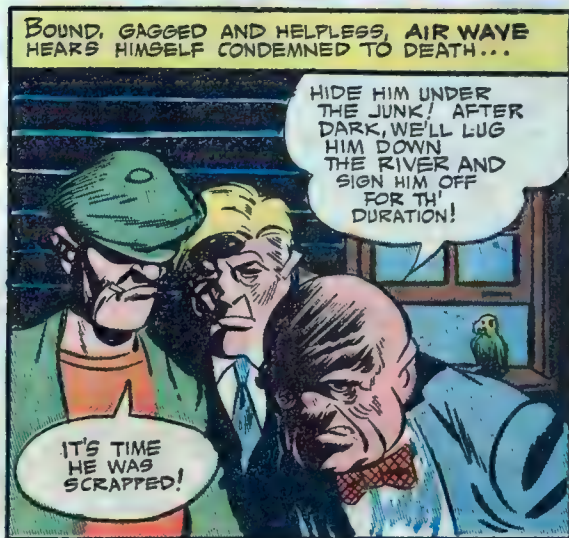
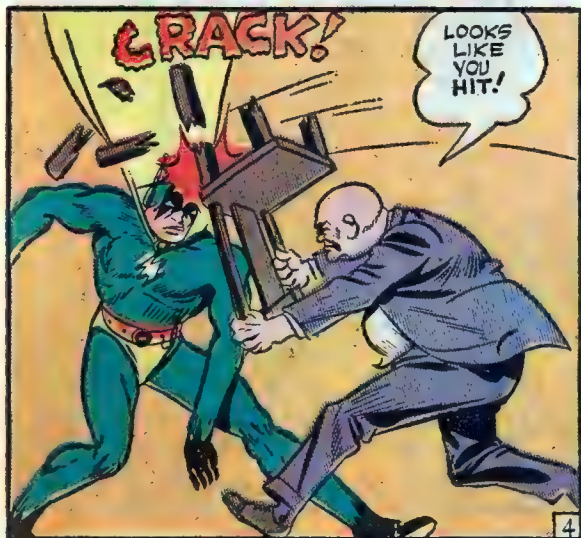
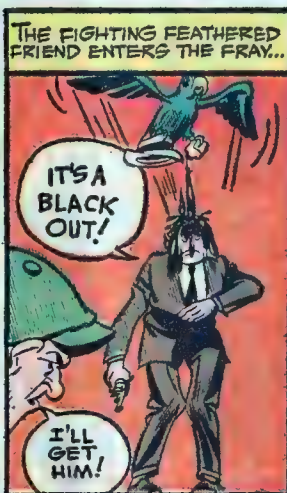
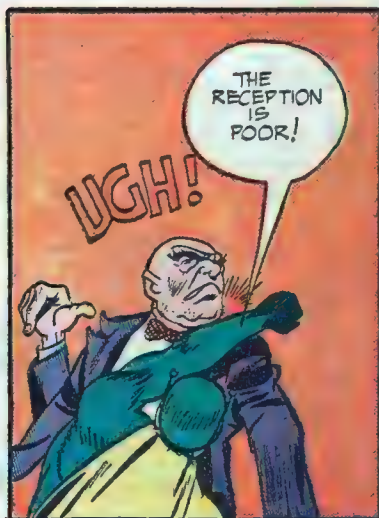
HELLO, LARRY! NO, WE
DIDN'T KNOW HIM...
BUT HE WAS OUR LAST
HOPE!

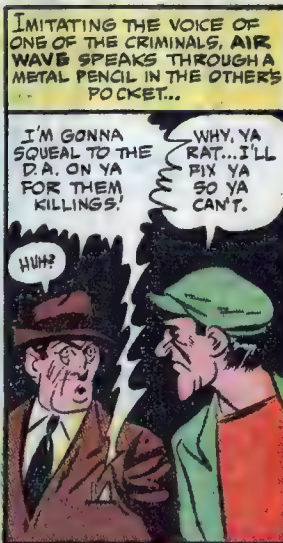
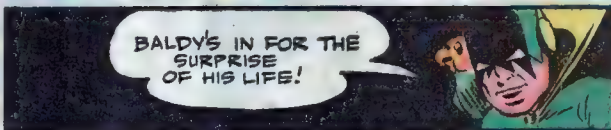


J. RUST
SCRAP
METAL





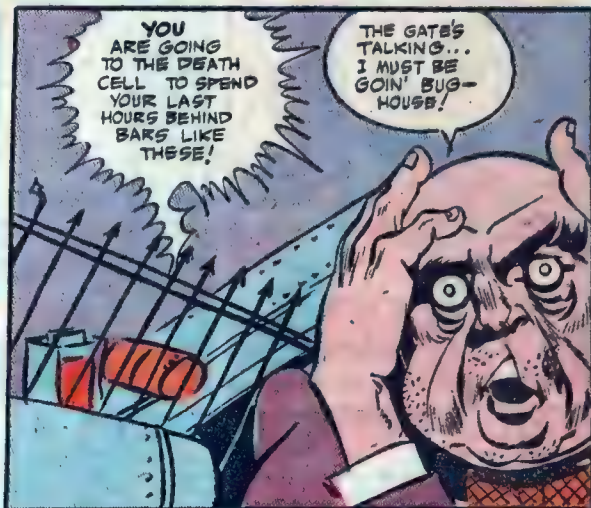
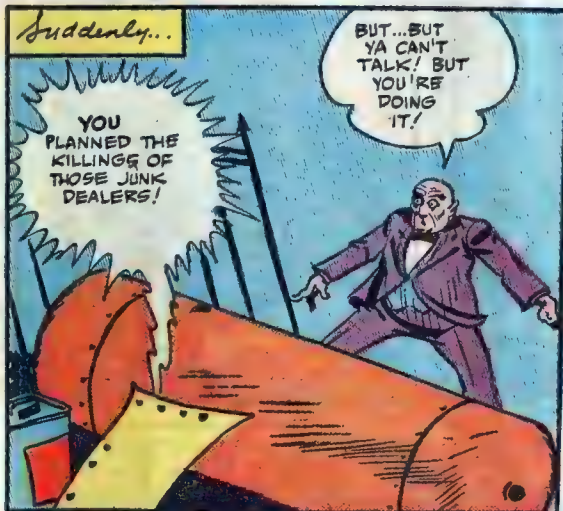
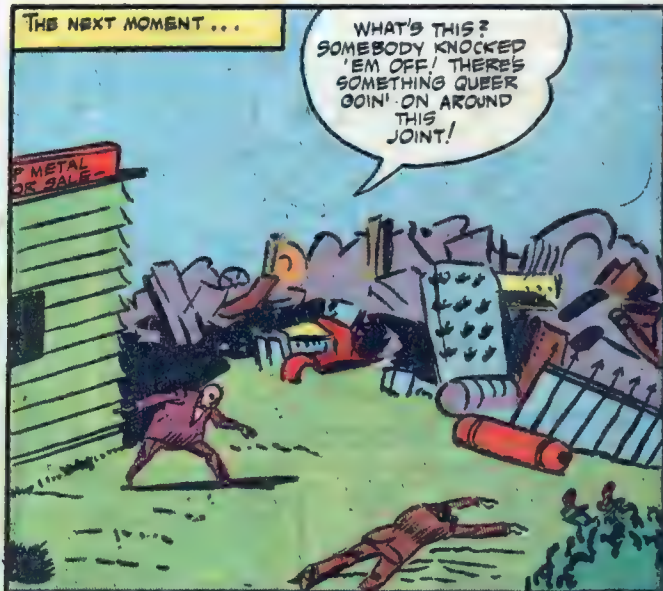


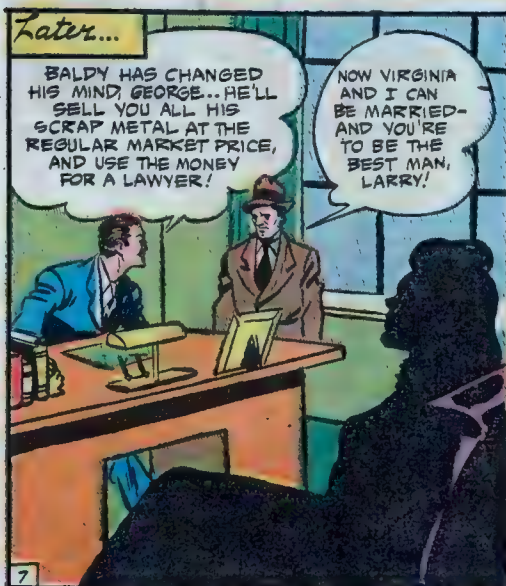
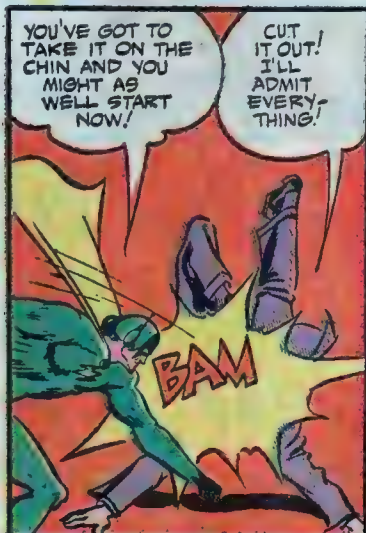
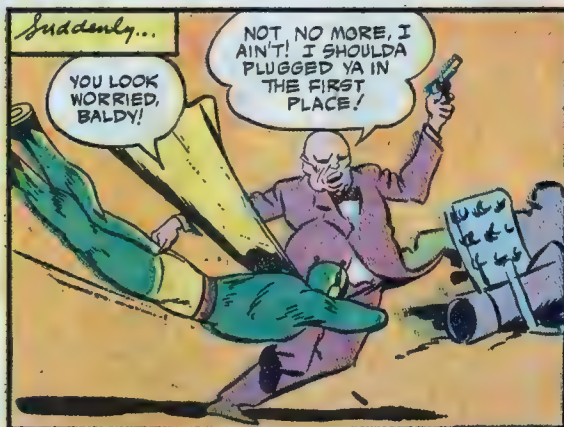


STRIKING IN BLIND FRENZY, THE FURIOUS KILLERS
ELIMINATE ONE ANOTHER FROM THE SCENE...



THE NEXT MOMENT...







HOW CAN THEY DO IT??

I ASK YOU, CORPORAL---
HOW CAN THEY GET SO
MANY TOP FEATURES IN
ONE COMIC MAGAZINE??

IT'S AMAZING, GENERAL!
SUPERMAN AND BATMAN...
PLUS THAT NEW SENSATION,
BOY COMMANDOS! ALSO
GREEN ARROW
AND STILL MORE!
IT'S THE WORLD'S
FINEST BUY!

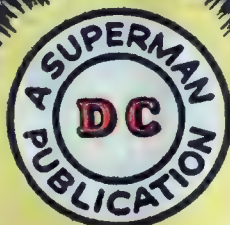
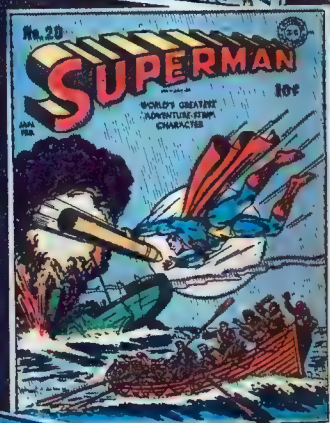
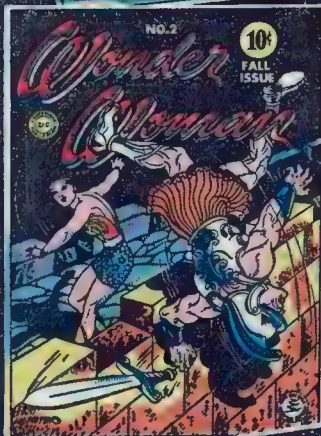
No. 8
**WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS**
96 PAGES 15c

SINK THE JAPANESE
WITH THE BOY COMMANDOS

NOW ON SALE!

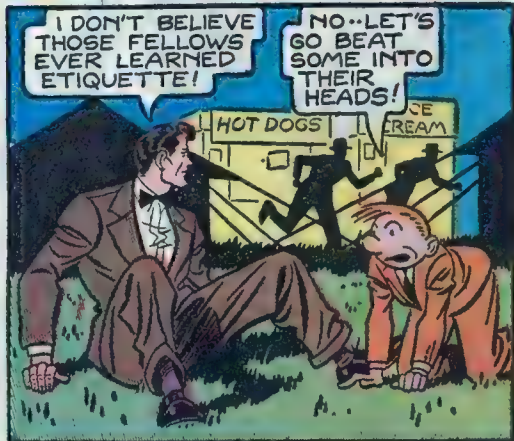
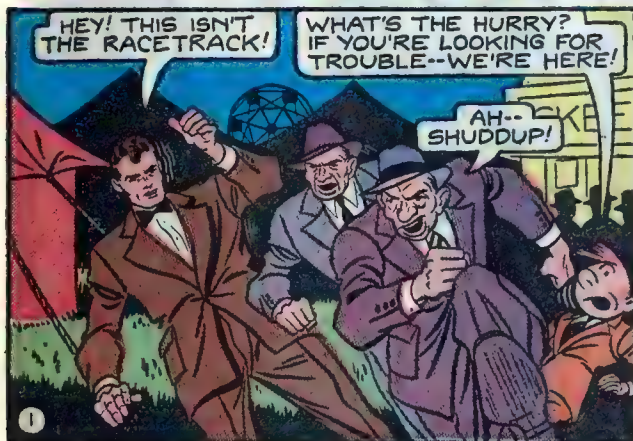
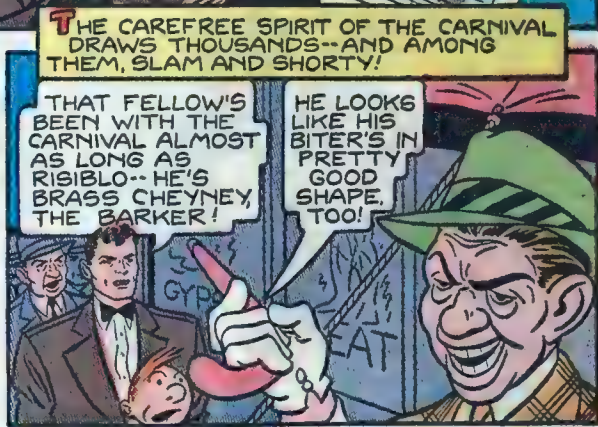
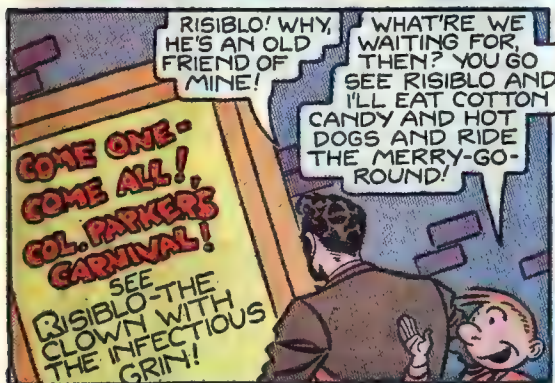
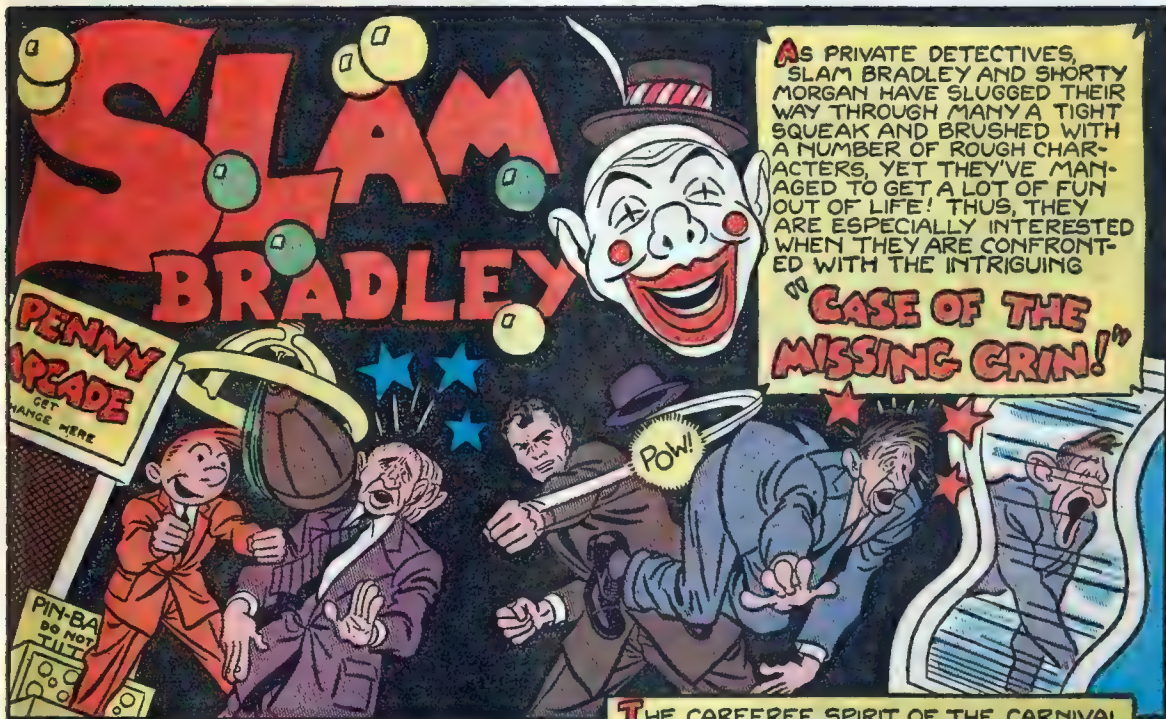
DON'T MISS YOUR FAVORITES!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!





SLOW AS SNAILS TO RUN AWAY FROM A FIGHT. SLAM AND SHORTY ARE FLEET AS DEER WHEN IT COMES TO CHASING ONE!



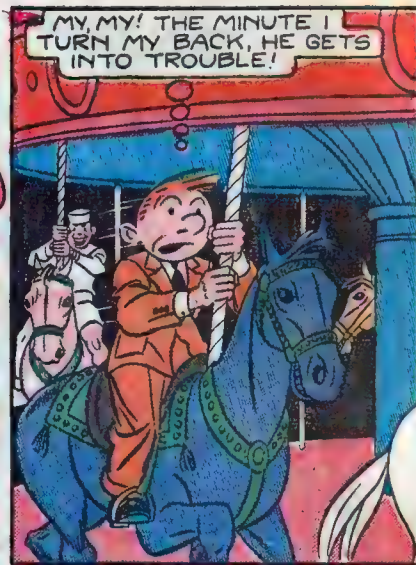
I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME!

I DON'T BLAME YA, PAL! IF I WAS CHASING ME, I'D RUN, TOO!

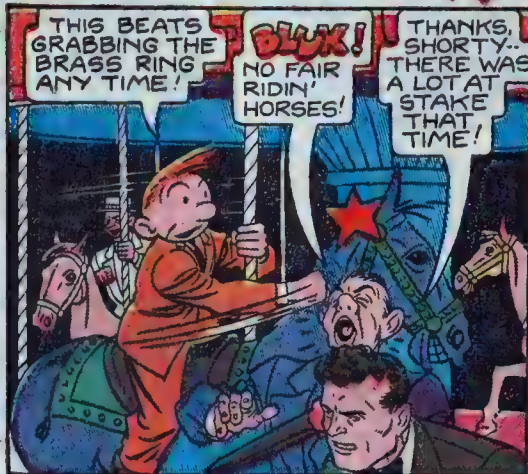
WHILE YOU'RE RIDING AROUND, TRY TO GET THE BRASS RING!



I'LL SPLIT HIS SKULL WITH THIS TENT STAKE!



MY, MY! THE MINUTE I TURN MY BACK, HE GETS INTO TROUBLE!



THIS BEATS GRABBING THE BRASS RING ANY TIME!

BLUK!
NO FAIR RIDIN' HORSES!

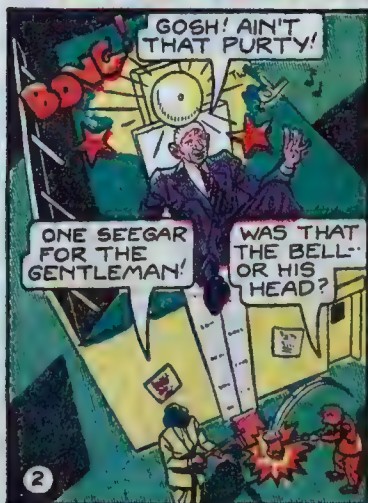
THANKS, SHORTY... THERE WAS A LOT AT STAKE THAT TIME!



JUST STAY THERE A SECOND, PAL!

I DON'T WANNA!

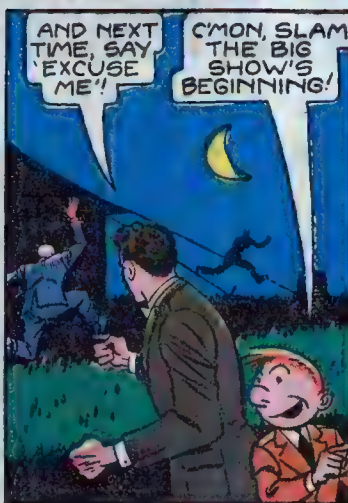
RING THE BELL AND WIN A CIGAR!



GOSH! AIN'T THAT PURTY!

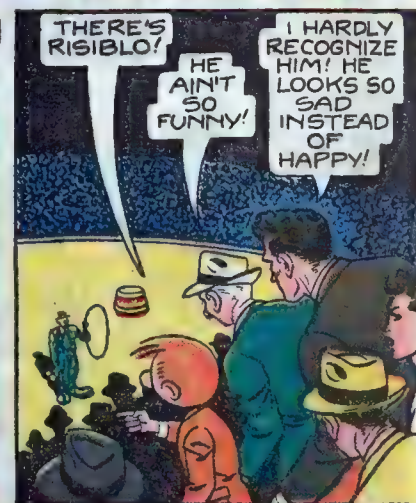
ONE SEE-GAR FOR THE GENTLEMAN!

WAS THAT THE BELL OR HIS HEAD?



AND NEXT TIME, SAY 'EXCUSE ME'!

C'MON, SLAM! THE BIG SHOW'S BEGINNING!



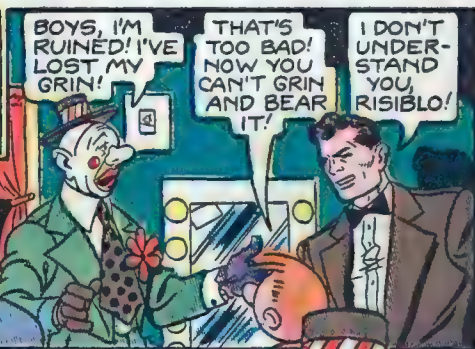
THERE'S RISIBLO!

HE AIN'T SO FUNNY!

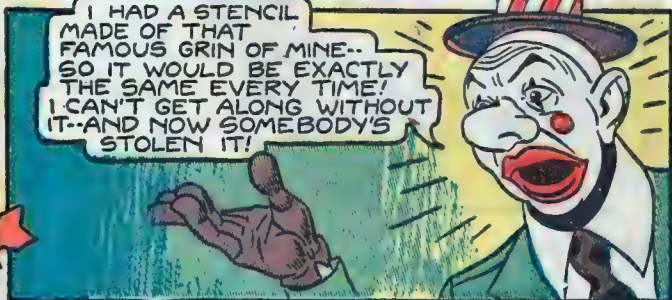
I HARDLY RECOGNIZE HIM! HE LOOKS SO SAD INSTEAD OF HAPPY!

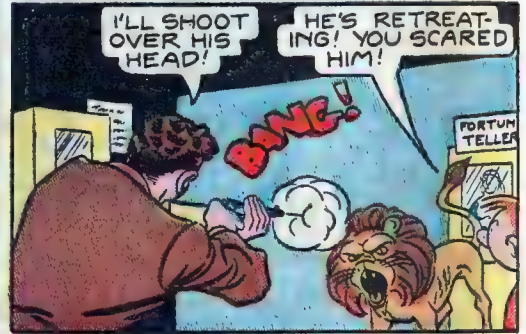
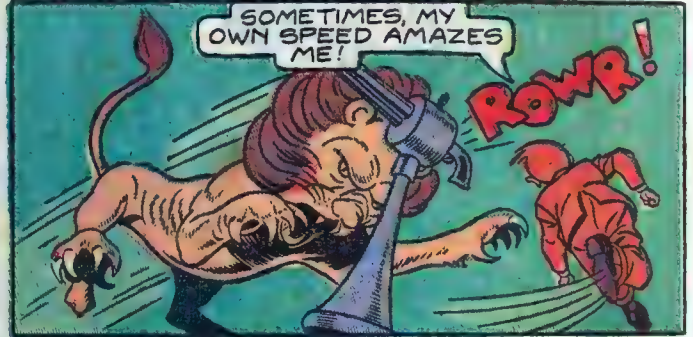
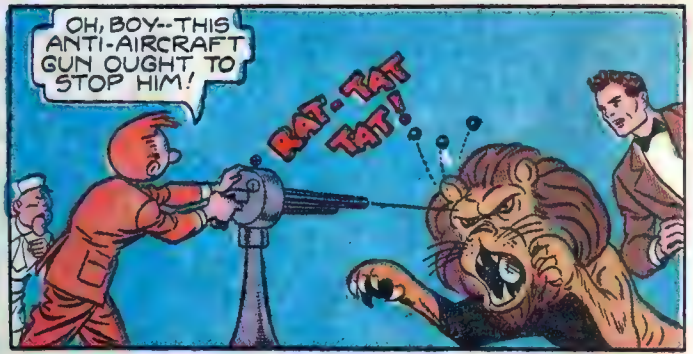
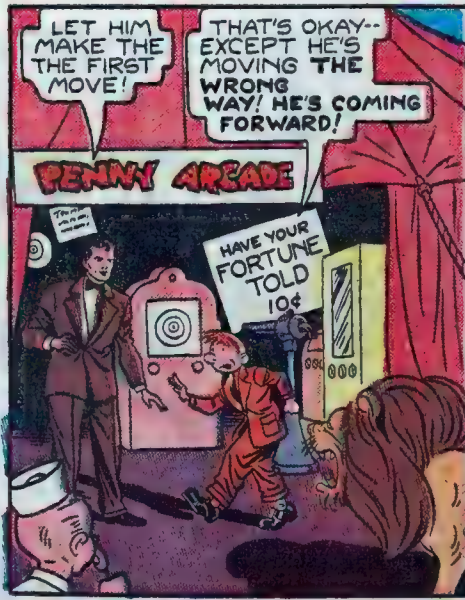


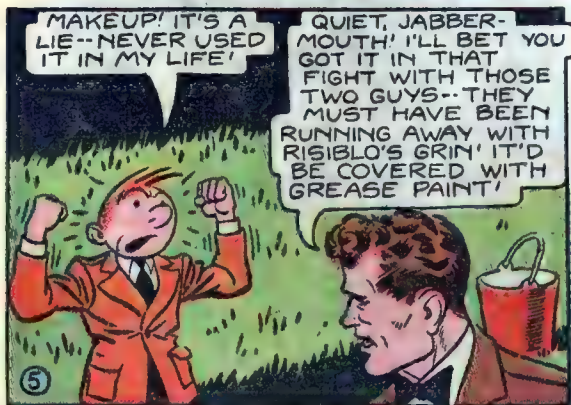
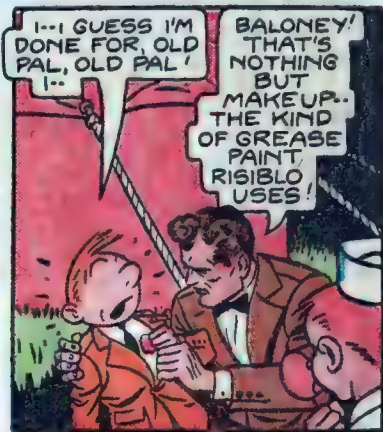
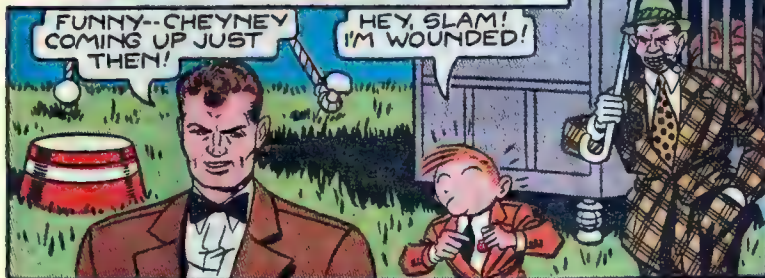
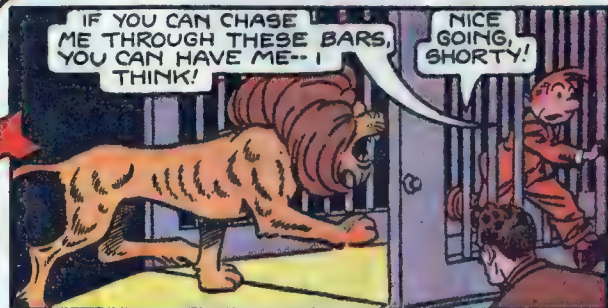
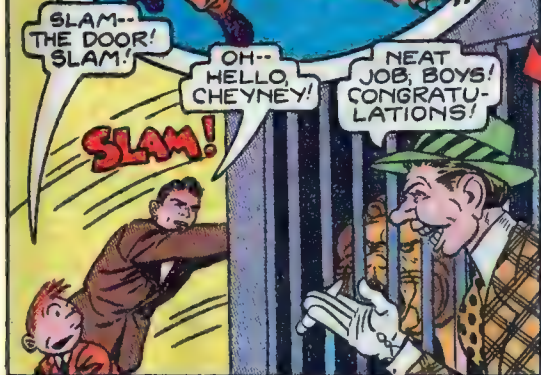
AFTER THE SHOW, SLAM AND SHORTY VISIT RISIBLO IN HIS DRESSING ROOM!

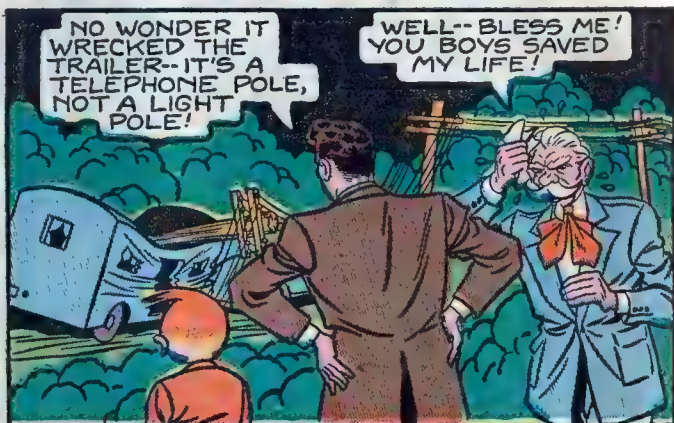
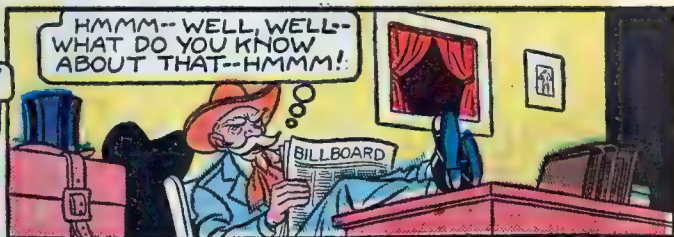


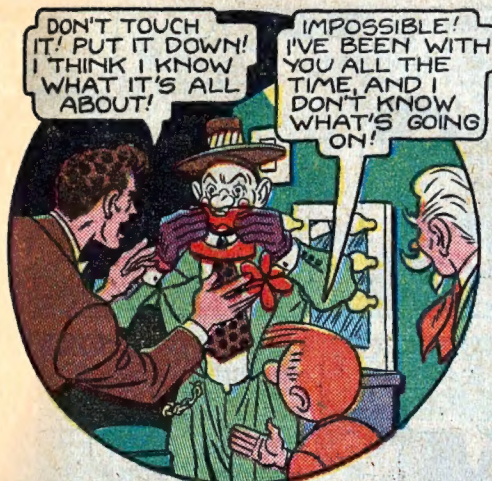
I HAD A STENCIL MADE OF THAT FAMOUS GRIN OF MINE-- SO IT WOULD BE EXACTLY THE SAME EVERY TIME! I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT--AND NOW SOMEBODY'S STOLEN IT!











SKEPTICAL BUT FAITHFUL, SHORTY FOLLOWS SLAM ONCE MORE!

I REALIZE, I'M ONLY YOUR PARTNER-- BUT DO YOU MIND IF I ASK WHOSE DRESSING ROOM THIS IS?

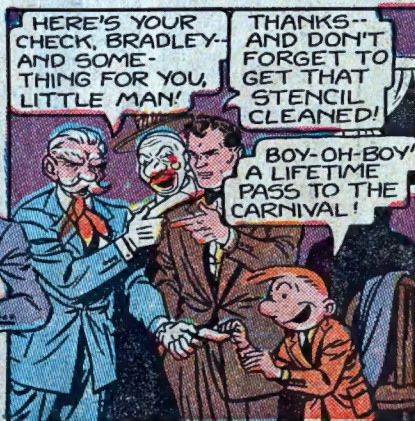
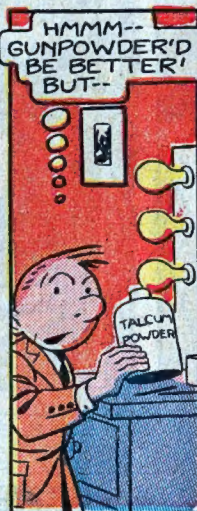
BRASS CHEYNEY'S, PAL!



MAYBE IN THIS CLOSET-- UH-HUH! THERE IT IS!

SNAKE VENOM! NOW WHAT WOULD THAT CURE?





AND SO THE KING OF CLOWNS CAN GRIN AGAIN! BUT DO SLAM AND SHORTY TAKE A WELL-EARNED REST? NO! THEY'LL BE BACK IN A DELIRIOUS DILEMMA IN NEXT MONTH'S

DETECTIVE COMICS!

THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE HERE!



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IN COMICS
BLAST THROUGH
IN AN
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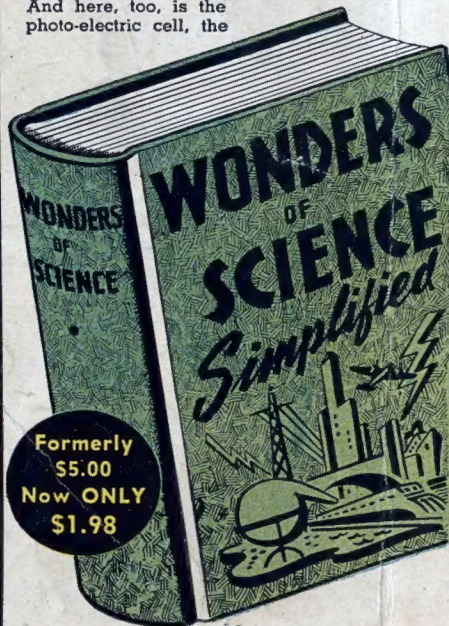
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